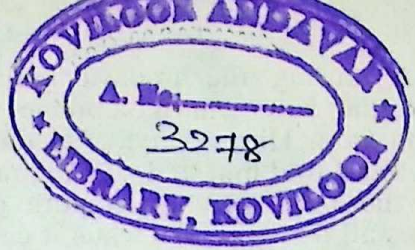


THE LOST VEDAS

By Kalpana Kishore
(8 years)



All of you know about the ten Avatars of Lord Vishnu. Here, I am going to tell you about the first Avatar of Lord Vishnu. This is the story of how the Lord once incarnated as a fish. The Lord takes any form. He likes to serve the purpose he has in mind. He took this form of a fish because once Brahma lost the Vedas, which were stolen by an asura called Hayagriva who stayed at the bottom of the ocean and since only a fish can live in the water, the Lord took the form of a fish to get back the Vedas.

There once lived a king called Satyavrata. He worshipped Lord Vishnu and performed penance by

living in the water. One day, when he was doing penance, a tiny fish came out of his Kamandalu (vessel) to his palm. The kind king put the poor little fish into the river. But the fish cried "Oh please do not leave me in this great big river where other creatures are bound to swallow me up." The king put the fish into his Kamandalu which was full of water but the fish grew bigger and it wanted more space to grow. The king kept on changing bigger and bigger vessels till at last, it grew so big that he had to put it in the lake, but it filled the lake also and finally the king put the fish into the ocean and came to know that the fish was none other than Lord Narayana. The king knew that whenever there was trouble on earth, the Lord would come for the welfare of the world, but the king wanted to know why the Lord had taken the form of a fish.

The Lord said to Satyavrata "on the seventh day there will be a pralaya (deluge) and a large boat will come to you. In the meantime you collect herbs, plants, seeds and different kinds of animals. Taking these and the seven rishis, you should enter the boat". The Lord also said that when storms rocked the boat he should tie it up with Vasuki, the serpent, to the horn of the Lord. The Lord told the king not to be afraid although it would be dark but the light from the rishis would be bright. The Lord supported the

boat during the pralaya (deluge) and the king gained supreme wisdom from Him. Satyavrata did as the Lord told him to do. He prayed to the Lord "as the impure gold loses all its impurities when it comes in contacts with fire, so too the Jiva sheds all its ignorance when it worships you." At the end of the Pralaya (deluge) the Lord killed the demon Hayagriva and returned the Vedas to Brahma.



cricket quiz

By Anandji Jamnadas Dossa

1. Prof. D. B. Deodhar the "Grand Old man of Indian Cricket" is 88 years old. What is his full name ?
2. What is a "Wicket" ?
3. What World Test Record is held by Kapildev ?
4. The Board of Control for Cricket in India celebrated its Golden Jubilee last February. When and by whom was India first represented at the International (then Imperial) Cricket Conference ?
5. Who was the player who officiated as an umpire in the same Test match in which he was participating as a player ? Mention also the Test in which this happened.

Answers in February issue.

LONGEST SOLO SINGING MARATHON

48 HOURS, 880 SONGS
BY

JERRY
CAMMARATA
AT
NATHAN'S
RESTAURANT
AT
NEW YORK

JUNE 12-14
1972




riddles

1. I run all day, and I run all night but I never get anywhere. What am I ?
2. Why is the hand of the Statue of Liberty only 11 inches long ?
3. What colour would you paint the sun and the wind ?
4. What is that which is sometimes strong, sometimes weak, it has never been seen but many have heard it. It does not speak unless spoken to and there is no language it cannot speak ?

Answers on Page 14

A Chat about 'Makar Sankranti'

—the kite flying day

By Bela Pandit

- Tinu : Kay po che — I've cut the kite. Look Didi, I have cut Ramesh's kite. My 'Manja' is stronger than his. This is the third casualty.
- Meena Didi : Come, Tinu — do not brag about it and take care about your own kite. It's going down.
- Tinu : Oh, My Gosh ! I have lost it. I think that red one was stronger than mine.
- Meena Didi : Never mind. Now take it a bit easy. Let's relax under that water tank for a while.
Oh yes, Didi and enjoy some 'til ladoos' — Sheela has brought some.
- Tinu : But didi why do we exchange til ladoos on this day ?
- Meena Didi : 'Makar Sankranti' marks the beginning of the new harvest crop. Til & Gur is supposed to be eaten on all auspicious occasions. It signifies not only the beginning of the new harvest but also from this day, the days start becoming longer and nights shorter.
- Tinu : Didi, one thing that always puzzles me is how come every year we celebrate Makar Sankranti on January 14th and not on any other day, whereas we celebrate Diwali sometimes in October, sometimes in November.
- Meena Didi : That is a very interesting question. Whereas our Diwali and Dassera and for that matter, most of our festivals depend upon the movements of the moon, this is the only festival which depends on the movement of the sun. From this day onwards, the sun starts moving towards the northern hemisphere. Therefore, Makar Sankranti is also known as "Uttarayan" (Uttar, meaning north, Narayan meaning sun).
- Tinu : That is very interesting. Didi, tell me, is Makar Sankranti celebrated all over India?
- Meena Didi : Yes, but it is known by different names in different parts of India, and celebrated differently. In the south, it is known as 'Pongal'. It is the harvest time too, for farmers. Every family on this day cooks milk and rice in a big decorated vessel. They let the milk rise and spill over, which contrary to normal belief is a sign of prosperity.
- Tinu : How can it be ?
- Meena Didi : Pongal literally means 'Rising', so they let the milk and rice boil and rise.

Here in Maharashtra, you know how Sheela's mom and others celebrate. They exchange til ladoos and while exchanging they say. "Til gur gya ani gode gode bola". (Accept these til ladoos and talk sweetly like these ladoos.)

In Gujarat, it is known as 'Uttaran'. On this day, all young and old alike get together on the terrace and roof tops and start flying kites, from early morning. It's real fun to watch the competition of kite flying. Every house, be it in Maharashtra, Gujarat, Tamil Nadu or Delhi, cooks sweets and celebrates the festival.

In some parts, they fly kites in the night attaching a lantern popularly known as 'Kandeel'. It is beautiful to see these small kandeels lit up in the sky during the night.

Ramesh : Didi, shall we also buy a kandeel and fly it tonight ?

Meena Didi : O. K., we will buy one. But now let's go and eat something. Aren't you feeling hungry ?

Tinu and Ramesh (together) : No Didi, we will now start flying kites.

Ramesh : Oh God, look at the number of kites in the sky. Tinu come on, fast. Give me a kite and Sheela, you hold the manja.

Tinu : Bye, Didi. But don't forget to get a kandeel for us.

STARS

*Look, mother, look at the countless stars
that twinkle around God's world.*

*Look, mother, look at the colourful stars,
around the bright pole star.*

*They are full of life, dancing and moving
all over the dark sky.*

*The bright stars that hate the ugly clouds,
which cover them and darken the world.*

*Look, mother, look before the dawn breaks,
And the stars become invisible,
afraid of the hot burning big ball.*

*Look, mother, look at the countless stars
that twinkle around God's world.*

By R. Mahesh Niyogi (11 years)

"Master the mind and you master the world".

M/s Vijay Corporation
65, Ideal Ind. Estate, Mathuradas Mills Compound,
Lower Parel, Bombay-400 013.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEED

By Lalitha Frazier

From somewhere in the front came a jolly snickering laugh as a round-cheeked and very colourfully dressed advisor volunteered with:

"Surely the good king is playing a game with us? Eyes are enough to tell each person who they are. Sight very well tells us all that you are a rich king, finely dressed, who has eaten or is about to eat very tasty food. You are all that you look to be—a man of power and influence—for by your command we have all assembled here to join you in this great joke."

The king's scowls silenced any further attempt at an explanation and prompted another advisor to set forward with his opinion.

"Alright, alright, your Majesty, if it's seriousness you want, then we must come right to the point. Only the very simple minded would agree that we are only what our clothes, food, title and wealth show us to be—we are not what we seem at the surface—what eyes, ears, nose, tongue and skin say about us. But we really are what we are inside—our thoughts and feelings ... you are a very smart and eager man who desires to fill his heart with what he loves the most—knowledge. You are also kind...benevolent...capable...noble ... gracious ... fair...temperate..... gentle."

This advisor's voice droned on and on with description after description of characteristics of, what was

now according to these words, a very great king indeed. However, there was one advisor who wasn't listening at all to these words of praise. Instead he was very busy thinking of his own answer. For surely the right answer must be very, very, difficult and only a very special person could even begin to think of the correct answer.

"Aha!" his face lit up in a crafty smile as he thought, "how brilliant I am to find and convey such an answer!"

Filled with self-congratulation and being unable to contain this miracle of intellectual conquest any longer, unaware that he was interrupting, he blurted out "My dear King, you are the one who asks questions!!"

"No! No! No!" interrupted the king in the middle of the disorderly roar that his question had created. "Don't you see, I'm not any of these things you say. Of course it is true I'm these things some of the time, but I want to know who I am all of the time throughout my whole life ... from the moment of being the tiniest baby in my mother's arms to now being the king with crowns and jewels. I wasn't born a king with a crown and fine clothes Even an apple doesn't stop being an apple and suddenly turn into a banana for a while. No, all creatures are what they are from birth to death without any basic

changes at all. In my life I have been a powerful king, sometimes a hapless baby : sometimes a happy man, othertimes sad; sometimes I've had questions, other times I'm sure. No, you must tell me who I am all through my life from start to finish, through glad times and sorrow, through knowing and not knowing — this is the self I am asking to know about!"

All the advisors were silent.

Then during this hushed pause, (remember many times when you are really sure of something, you do not have to yell it out or argue about it with those who disagree), one humble advisor from the back of the room quietly came forward and from his pocket took out a seed which he held up to the king. The king took the seed only with hesitation and with a puzzled look said : "What does this mean?"

"Nobody can tell you, Your Majesty, who you are, but you can discover it for yourself. This seed in the palm of your hand will show you all the answers to your questions."

The king looked more puzzled than ever : "But a seed can't talk—it cannot even point a finger to make me look at anything! How can a seed tell me who I am?"

The advisor gave a sympathetic look filled with great patience and added : "The time for doubt and disbelief is over. Do as I've advised you and think as deeply and as long as you can about the seed. Soon you will hear its voice and it will tell you what you want to know, what the wisest among us couldn't say, and more."

**NEXT ISSUE : THE KING
LEARNS TO LISTEN.**

A TOUGH TREK

By Nilima Kagal
(14 years)



Trekking to me is a most thrilling experience. Recently we undertook a hike to Matheran and from there to Panvel. This was the third time a batch of students, about twenty of us were going on a hike. We had

to carry our haversacks on our backs. The four hour trek starts from Neral and the climb upward seven miles in the blazing sun-tiring.

The cream of our expedition was our trek to Panvel. It was in actual words 'Roughing it out.' The hikers had to carry their own set of provisions, for cooking meals. From Matheran we started early, our haversacks full to the brim. Our limbs had to cross extremely narrow paths twisting in and out and steep indeed! Goodness knows how we managed to cross those boulders, thorns and muddy strips, stumbling, tripping, slipping and falling!

Thus we descended this hilly region for nearly six continuous hours with just a step or two near a well where we could refill our bottles. We had to drag our feet with our packs, making it doubly difficult to reach our first major halt—Hasha-chipatti. Hardly had we rested our weary limbs when we had to commence cooking our lunch. Building up mini fires with all the poor fuel we could get, we cooked grimy meals. Although blades of grass got into it, it was palatable food to us famished hikers.

After two and half hours of dusty walking covering nearly four miles we reached a lovely spot (Panvel dam) where we had to set camp for the night. There was cool clear water from a stream, one side of which was used for washing and another for drinking. Some of us had a refreshing dip in the stream to wash away the dusty feeling. A lot of firewood had to be gathered for there were none who would wait on us.

The stars were twinkling in the sky and the silvery moon beaming at us, as we prepared our evening repast. Our eyes streaming and hair in a dishevelled state, we sat down to our 'mixed' supper. There could be no more than a vegetable stew and chapattis.

We had nature's roof that night above us with the unending sky and numerous stars. Blisters and wounds were attended to after dinner. There was no fire wood for three fires so everyone had to sleep around a single big fire. Another thrilling experience was keeping night watch two at a time for an hour. We had to keep flashing a commander torch in all directions and keep our senses alert to any movement. To pass time, we roasted potatoes and ate oranges. It was immensely chilly but sleep caressed the tired eyelids of all.

With dawn, our morning activities gradually gained temp. As we felt hungry we hurriedly scrambled eggs, opened tins of jam, cut loaves of bread, and made black coffee which tasted delicious.

It was nearly ten when we broke camp, after having washed and cleaned up. We continued with our last bit of trekking. Our packs felt light now as we had finished off most of our provisions. With our bottles and tanks full of water, we felt active as we walked on to Panvel. It was a seven mile walk which took three and a half hours with a series of halts.

At Panvel, after lunching at a restaurant, we caught an express Cidco Bus to Dadar. We arrived at Bombay, our faces filthy, our clothes crumpled, our legs weary but happy to be back.

BORN FREE

By Ravina Mahtani (11 years)



Kiran and Mira were walking home from school. Poor Mira was carrying both the school bags while Kiran had been trying unsuccessfully to get a bird with his catapult. Suddenly, he saw a bird flying very close to him. He aimed his catapult at the bird and it fell down. Kiran's joy lasted for only one moment. "Had he committed a sin?" he

thought as he saw the unconscious bird fall down.

Mira left both the bags on the road and ran towards the bird. She carried it in her arms and started walking. Now Kiran had to carry both the bags. Soon they reached their house.

Their daddy was a widower. Their unmarried aunt, Sudha was

that it would be a school with a difference.

Students Ramesh Padmanabhan and Rajkumar spoke highlighting the strong points of the school and said they were proud to be the students of such a premier institution. They looked forward to the day when they could live in the campus which resembles a "Gurukula".

Sri N. A. Ramachandra Raja, Managing Trustee of the Annappa Raja Memorial Education Trust and Sri M. S. Iyengar, Principal of VIKASA Higher Secondary School,

Madurai, offered their felicitations on the happy occasion.

Swami Dayanandaji in his address after opening the buildings exhorted the teachers to help the children assimilate right values in life. They should be helped to see the value of values and be protected from conflicts. He concluded with the hope that the Chinmaya Vidyalaya would impart such an ideal education.

Sri S. V. Venkatachalam, the principal proposed a 'vote of thanks'. After the Programme, Swamiji and the distinguished guests planted sapplings of trees.

THE ROBBERY

By G. Suma.

On a fine September morning, Linda Rich was walking on the pavement bound for the bank to deposit two thousand dollars. When she was about to leave after depositing the money, two masked men barged in with two revolvers in their hands. They ordered all the people including the employer to give their valuables and belongings to them and also ordered the banker to give the money. After robbing the bank, the robbers tied and gagged their victims. The robbers then shot one of their victims as a warning for any person who tried to raise an alarm and left for the waiting car outside. Two or three minutes later, Linda succeeded in freeing herself. In spite of the warning, she immediately phoned the police. Later the police questioned Linda about the robbers. She described them as stocky, well-built and powerful.

The next day, the newspaper was full of the story of the robbery. It

seems two million dollars were taken by the robbers. Further, the man who was shot was identified as Jack Stevenson. After reading the newspaper, Linda left the house and was strolling along a quiet and lonely stretch of road when suddenly a man appeared in front of her. She recognised him as one of the bank robbers. He kidnapped her and brought her to their hideout. Their leader recognised her as the one who raised the alarm for her name and picture had appeared in the newspaper. He immediately ordered his men to shoot her.

As they were about to shoot her, a group of policemen appeared and arrested them. They had been following Linda all along without her knowledge because they were afraid her life was in danger because of the publicity. She was angry with the police as they had been following her when she had refused their protection. However, in the end, it turned out well.

PAINTING A PICTURE



P. Raykumar, a constant prize winner of the Balvihar Camel Colour Contest, gives suggestions on how to paint a picture with water colours.

Colouring a picture is very simple and also very hard. It is very hard because we have to choose suitable and attractive colours. The choice is between the devil and the deep sea.

To paint a picture, we need various colours, different kinds of brushes to suit the painting which is to

be done, colour mixing disc (palette) etc.

Look at the picture. Think of the picture twice before starting. Different colours suit different subjects. The colours should be natural. We only have to imagine the picture and colour it, for example scenery. This is the easiest painting to be done. The mountains are brown in colour, the sun is yellow, the trees are green, the river is blue, the ground is yellow ochre etc.

If you can shade the picture, shade it accurately. There must be no colour combination. The colours used must be attractive and fascinating. Avoid spilling of colours anywhere in the picture. This will spoil its beauty. The colour should be more than the water. If there is more water than colour, the effect will be watery. If the picture is small, one should take more care while painting.

If a person wants to paint a picture, he must have interest, time and patience. If a painter loses his patience while colouring a picture, he may spoil the whole picture because of dis-interest. If he has no time he will carelessly paint the picture in a rush.

The painting must be neat. It is the painting which makes the picture beautiful. Painting is nothing but colouring. But it brings the picture to life.

The Golden Kindness

A poor baker in the French city of Nancy had twelve children, of whom one became a famous general under the great Napoleon. When he retired from military service, he lived in a most simple manner. He helped the poor and needy. He had a military coat with a gold lace which he had received as a reward for his services to the country. One day certain needy persons came to him and asked for money. He at once cut off and gave them half of the gold lace. One of his nephews, who cared more for gold than for the sorrows of the poor, said, "You should keep the military coat with the gold lace intact, for it represents the greatness and glory of our family". The general replied, "That is why I cut off the gold lace from the coat, so that you may never forget that you are the grand children of a poor baker.

By K. R. Shailaja.

ATTENTION, PARENTS!

Through mechanical repetition or by the abandoning of a priceless heritage, Indian festivals, customs and traditions have lost their meaning, their relevance. Your children are bewildered by the past, uncertain of the future, with lots of questions on their lips. Do you know the answers? Your solution is Balvihar.

Balvihar retells tradition such as the Ramayana in a simple contemporary style. In a way your children will enjoy and understand.

Balvihar is more than a religious magazine. Some of its regular features are: Tales from the Panchatantra and the Greek Epics, Bharat Darshan, a Sports and Pen Pals column, a Colour Contest, Jokes, Puzzles, Riddles, Treasury of Books, Mother's Corner and Cricket Quiz.

Annual subscription costs only Rs. 15/- (\$ 10 overseas)
Rs. 28 for two years. Rs. 40 for three years.

Cheques / M. O.s to be sent to "Central Chinmaya Mission Trust",
Powai Park Drive, Bombay -400 072.

think!
think!
think!

What you are is God's gift to you. What you make of yourself is your gift to God.

God has been kind enough to give us a human birth. We should thank him by making the most of it. This is our gift to him. This is the thought for the month.

Based on it, we want you to write a short story, article or poem. The person who sends in the best entry will be given a "surprise gift", by post. His or her entry will also be published in Balvihar. The last date for sending in entries is 15th June, 1981.

The Winner !

The Winner of the thought for the month of February 1981 is J. Vinod of Bombay (11 years). Congratulations, Vinod! We are sending you our new book 'Parables' as a prize!

We should have the strength of mind to find out our own faults and proceed firmly to remove them.

THE BOX OF THE BEGGAR

Once a competition was conducted in a king's palace. The king asked the audience three questions. But nobody could answer them. A poor beggar happened to hear the questions. He was very intelligent. He took permission from the king to take part in the competition and he answered the questions correctly.

The king was very happy. He called the beggar to his side and asked him to sit

there. Then the king drew a scale on the blackboard. He asked people to make the scale shorter without touching it. This was a very tough question. The beggar got up from his seat and asked the king to give him the chalk. The beggar went to the black-board and drew a small scale below the other one.

The king was very pleased. He asked the beggar to stay with him as his advisor. Before accepting this offer, the beggar set down a condition — he should be given one hour in the morning and evening (from 7 to 8) for his personal work. The king agreed. The beggar was a straightforward and god-fearing man.

He gave correct advice to the king in all matters. The king was very happy. Other ministers in the palace were jealous of the close contact of the beggar with the king. They started to trouble the beggar. They told the king that the beggar was performing some magic and 'mantras' in the morning and evening with a magic box. They also told the king that the beggar would not allow anybody to enter his room. The king believed this and thought of testing the beggar. One day in the morning at 7 o'clock, the king went to the beggar's room and knocked at the door. But the beggar did not open the door. The king got angry and knocked again and again. But in vain. After the puja, the beggar came out of the room.

He was surprised to see the king there. The king asked the beggar angrily to open the box. The beggar told the king very politely "there is nothing in the box. But I will not open it". The king became suspicious and insisted that he open the box. At last the beggar opened the box. There was nothing in it except some torn clothes and a stick. Surprised, the king asked why these dirty clothes were kept in the box.

The beggar replied that if he did not see the box daily, he would forget his past life. "This is my wealth. Unless I see this every day, I will forget myself and the past and I may do wrong things in my life." Hearing this, the king realised his mistake of believing others and kissed the beggar with joy.

By J. Vinod.

"Don't think you can fool me by dozing off and trying to give the impression that you are meditating," then in an aside, "That is because I do it myself."

—Swami Chinmayananda



By Anandji Jannadas Dossa

1. What makes a first-class match?
2. Ravishankar Shastri, making his debut in Test cricket, took 3 wickets in an over, against New Zealand at Wellington, 1981. Which player performed a 'hat-trick' on his first appearance in Test and when?
3. Which Indian cricketer has scored a century and performed a hat-trick while bowling in the same first-class match?
What type of bowler was he?
4. Which match is regarded as first, in first-class cricket in India?
5. When are the runs added as 'no-balls' but the ball is not declared as 'no-ball'?

Answers in the June issue!

TONGUE TWISTERS:

All the tongue twisters given below are made up of easy words. But try saying them aloud quickly!

1. Six sick soldiers sighted seven slowly sinking ships.
2. Cross crossing cautiously.
3. Sheep shouldn't sleep in a shack. Sheep should sleep in a shed.

By Preetha Menon.

WHAT'S NEW ?

By Lalita Malani, H. P. Eswar and Maya.

In Pondicherry, a 25 year old woman labourer gave birth to quadruplets (4 babies) at the Government Maternity Hospital on March 22nd. The biggest weighed one kg 300 grams and the smallest 750 grams.

Do you know who gave birth to the heaviest quadruplets in the world? It was twenty eight year old Mrs. Ruth Becker on 3rd August 1962 at the Vancouver General Hospital in Canada. Together, they weighed 19 lbs 13 oz (nearly 9 kilos)!

A seventy three year old lady broke four world swimming records for the 70-74 years age group ! The new records : 100 metres freestyle (1 min 41.86 seconds); 50 metres butterfly (1 min 2.96 seconds); 200 metres individual medley (4 min 39.87 seconds) and 400 metres freestyle (7 min 54.99 seconds).

No wonder ! Mrs. Vivienne Cherriman, the record breaker, from the Isle of Wight off the English Coast, has swum twice between it and the English Mainland.

Fifty two people squeezed into a 183 cms (6 foot) hot tub on 2.3.81, breaking a world record (of 49 people). It took 40 minutes to squeeze them all in, and space was then found for three rubber ducks !

Twenty seven Portuguese, around 20 years old, managed to cram into an Austin mini car in Lisbon on 22.3.81, thus establishing a world record.

An eight year old leopard in the Prince of Wales zoo, killed one of its own cubs, a male, within minutes of the delivery.

It seems to have the instinct of the Puma (American mountain lion) which, to have no rivals, destroys all its male cubs.

There seems to be a 'Devil's Triangle' within the area bounded by Manila, Hong Kong and Taiwan. Three ships simply vanished there between May 1979 and February 1980. Six hundred year old documents state that ships have strangely crumbled on calm windless days. There is also a mention of water spouts appearing suddenly and ships being unable to move forward, no matter how hard the oars were rowed !

The magic of micro-vascular surgery has made it possible for the severed finger of a Japanese in Bombay to be fixed at the right place and made as useful as before ! The operation was performed with a microscope which enabled the surgeon to see blood vessels as thin as 1 mm and stitch them for a perfect replant.

Small coins are on their way out. The minting of three, two and one paise coins has been stopped. The annual production of five paise coins will also be reduced. The minting of 20 paise coins was discontinued in 1971.

There are 68 crores of people in India. This was revealed by the last census. But do you know what glaring mistakes were made by the census men? Mr. A. K. Basu

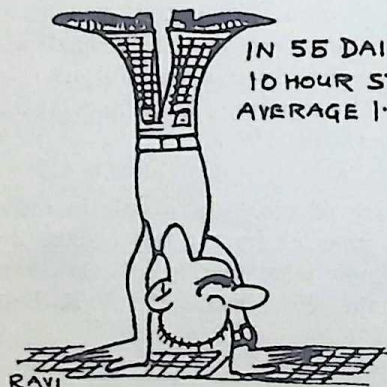
told one of them that he and his wife and mother-in-law lived in the same house. After several questions, he was asked "Is your mother-in-law married?!" In another case, a wife who said her husband was a Heart Specialist was asked whether he had got a Medical Diploma. On learning that she herself was an M.A., they asked her if she had passed the Matriculation Exam! In yet another instance, B.Sc. was written as BAC by one of the lady census enumerators!

It is not only the census men who provide such amusement, according to Mr. H.P. Eswar. Here is his own experience:

"The other day, I met a Senior Stenographer having over 14 years experience working in a big government office. Since he was in touch with other Stenographers who did not have jobs or those wanting to change jobs, I asked him to suggest a suitable candidate for our company. He immediately asked me whether he should send "Gent or Male"!! I paused for a while and told him that a lady stenographer would not be suitable for us. Since he was going to help, it was not right to insult him by explaining that both gent and male meant the same!"

WALKING ON HANDS!

87 MILES BY JOHANN HUSLINGER
FROM VIENNA TO PARIS



IN 55 DAILY
10 HOUR STINTS,
AVERAGE 1.58 m.p.h.

BRAIN TEASERS

By Anuradha.

Fill in the missing numbers:

1. The numbers should add up to 24 in every direction.
2. The numbers should add up to 27 in every direction.

1

	8	
14		6

2

11		15
		7

Answers on Page 16.

BULL FRANE

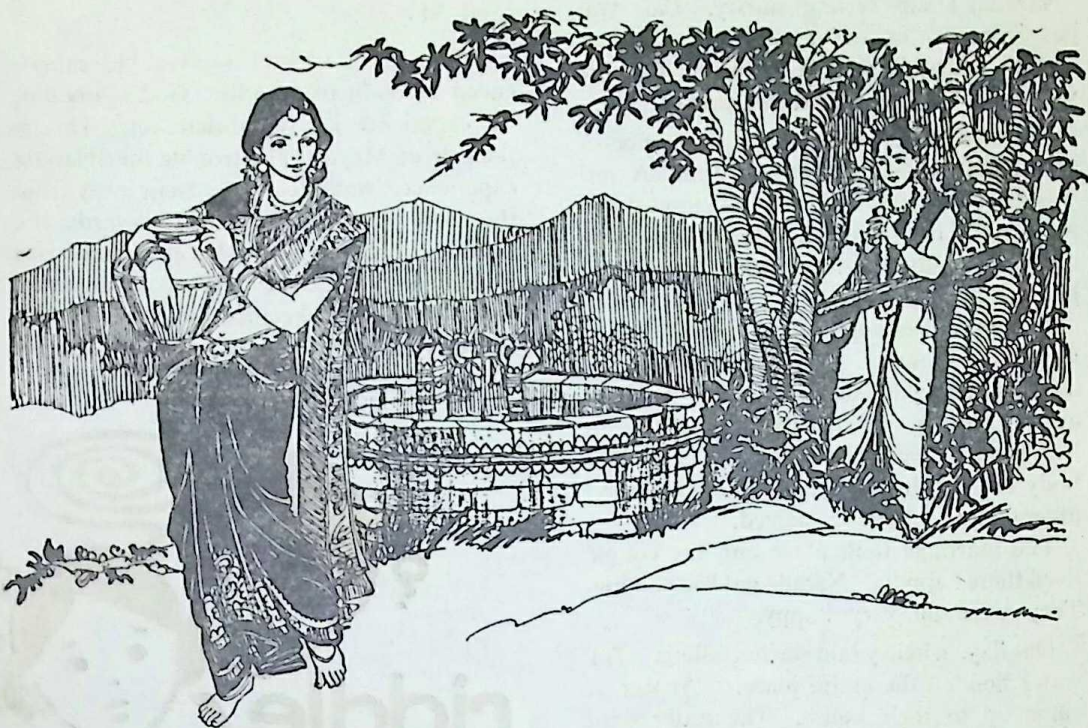
In America, there is a frog called "Bull Frane."

It is a big frog. The adult frog is 12 inches and the lady frog is 18 inches long. It takes 5 years for a frog to become big. It lives for 200 to 250 years.

By P. Ravinder (13 years)

NARADA AND MAYA

By Girija Vasudevan



Devarshi Narada is famous throughout the Puranas. He is said to be one of the sons of the creator, Brahma.

In the early period of Brahmakalpa, the creator, Brahmaji created 10,000 sons. They were asked to get married, and multiply. Narada was one of them.

He was a seeker of Truth, so he advised all his brothers not to marry but to go for penance.

Brahmaji therefore created 10,000 more men called Shabalaswas. Narada advised them also to seek liberation. Brahma got very angry and cursed Narada. Narada became a Gandharva (celestial being).

One day, Narada was singing Krishna Leela (hymn to Krishna) in the court of the

Devas. He was attracted by the beauty of Rambha, (a celestial dancer). His mind was distracted. So again he was cursed, this time to become the son of a maid servant on the earth. The maid servant was working in an ashram so he was brought up in a spiritual atmosphere. He became a great devotee of Lord Vishnu at an early age.

In the next birth, he was born as the son of Brahma and became Devarshi Narada.

One day, Narada felt a doubt—what is Maya? He started thinking but he was unable to find an answer. Finally, he went to Lord Vishnu. He asked Him "Oh Lord, what is Maya?" The Lord replied "It cannot be explained but only can be experi-

enced." To make him understand the meaning of Maya, the Lord took him for a walk. They started walking together.

A few minutes later, the Lord said, "Narada, I am feeling thirsty. Can you get some water for me?"

"Of course," Narada replied. But he wondered why the Lord felt thirsty.

He went to get water. At a distance of about 100 metres, he saw a well. A girl was drawing water from it. He stood there, waiting for her to finish. He started admiring the beauty of the girl and he followed her to her home.

In front of her home, he saw an old man. He was her father. Narada expressed his desire to marry his daughter. The old man agreed but on one condition "you have to live here. I have only one daughter. Nobody else will look after me in my last days except her." Narada agreed.

The marriage took place and the couple lived there happily. Narada got five children. They were all very happy.

One day, a heavy rain started falling. The water flooded the entire place. At last, it came up to their house. The water went above Narada's house. Narada took all his things and ran to a safe place with his wife and children. The water was still rising. His wife and children were not able to come out of the water.

Narada was in great trouble. He thought of the Lord and cried aloud "save me." He looked behind and saw the Lord waiting for water. The Lord asked "What happened, Narada?" Narada replied "Oh Lord, where are my wife and children?" He looked behind but saw no water, no wife, no children.

Then the Lord asked him with a smile. "I am thirsty and waiting for water. Where is the water for me?" Narada felt ashamed and said. "My Lord, now I understand what Maya* is!"

* Maya is that which is not real but experienced by us in this world. God is one but we experience all the differences. This is the role of Maya. The trouble that Narada experienced was because he went away from the Lord. When he turned towards the Lord, he became happy because there was no Maya, only the Lord. When we are away from the Lord we become fools. But when our attention is focussed on God, we are full.



1. In marble halls as white as milk,
lined with a skin as soft as silk;
With a pool crystal clear
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
What is it?
2. What talks without a mouth?
3. Which cock flies from court to court?

Answers on Page 18.

Loving the people around us is the greatest devotion.

Chinmaya Family, Kuwait

Sarita, a eleven-year old Bala Vihar student, has written asking for the meaning of the Gayatri Mantra. We answer her difficulty here.

THE GAYATRI MANTRA

Dear Children,

HARI OM!

Today we will discuss the importance of the Gayatri Mantra.

“Om Bhur-Bhuvar-Svaha
Om Tat-Savitur-Varenyam
Bhargo Devasya Dheemahi
Dhiyo Yo Nah Prachodayat.”

ॐ भूर्भुवः सुवः
ॐ तत् सवितुर्वरेण्यं
भर्गो देवस्य धीमहि
धियो यो नः प्रचोदयात् ।

May we meditate upon the divine light of the effulgent Lord Sun. May Lord Sun inspire and guide our thoughts on the right path.

The Gayatri Mantra set in the Vedic Metre called Gayatri is a prayer addressed to Lord Savitur, the Sun to improve our intelligence. Lord Sun is the embodiment of light. I can perceive the objects of the world only when they are illumined by light. So light symbolises knowledge and Lord Sun is the embodiment of knowledge. Prayer to Lord Sun makes my intellect sharp and brilliant like the Sun.

The Sun is the source of life and energy for all living beings on the earth. So the Sun also represents the Lord, who gives and sustains our life.

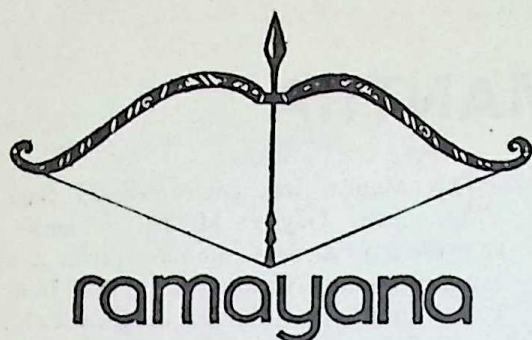
So Gayatri Mantra is a prayer to the Lord in the form of the Sun, to bless us with a bright intellect and a healthy life.

This Mantra was envisioned by Sage Vishwamitra. Gayatri Mantra is considered the most ancient, the most divine and extremely effective Mantra. The Bhur Loka, the Bhuvar Loka and the Swar Loka mentioned in the Mantra represent the earth on which we live, the intermediate space and the heaven respectively.

The sound ‘Om’, though short is very powerful and important. No Mantra is considered effective without OM. So, you find that the already powerful Gayatri Mantra is rendered more powerful and effective by chanting OM before it.

Teaching of the Gayatri Mantra to the young boy during “Upanayana” (thread ceremony) is called “Brahmopadesa” that is, introducing the child to the Almighty Lord. Upan means near, nayana means leading; therefore Upanayana means leading near the Guru. “Upanayana” is the ceremony when the boy is given the sacred thread so that he can be initiated to the study of the great Scriptures under a kind and able teacher—a Guru—who would make the pupil fit to face the challenges of life. So the boy who had a physical birth through his parents, gains a second birth when the Upanayana is performed and thus he becomes “Dwij” (twice-born), the Guru being the father and Gayatri the mother. To dramatise the glorious significance of the Gayatri Mantra, the Guru and the pupil are isolated under the cover of silken clothes during the initiation ceremony and the Mantra is whispered by the Guru carefully into the ward’s ears.

H. P. Eswar.



(Ayodhya Kanda)

TEARFUL REACTIONS

By Anantha Narayanan.

Sri Rama, followed by his faithful brother Lakshmana, entered his mother's palace chamber. Innocent mother Kausalya, who was joyfully awaiting his return, went forward to receive him.

Affectionately embracing him, she asked him to be seated on the decorated Simhasana. Naturally, she was totally unaware of the cruel turn of events affecting her beloved son!

Sri Rama, gathering all his strength, slowly broke the sad news to his dear mother.

"Beloved Mother! The time has now come for me to sit on the Darbasana (the mat made of Kusha grass on which sages sit for tapas) and not Simhasana (throne)! For, the great king desires that Bharatha should be the Yuvaraja and has commanded that I should go to the forest for six and eight years (14 years. By splitting up the figure, Sri Rama tried to reduce the shock to his mother!) I have come to seek your blessings."

This unexpected news was such a sudden blow that Mother Kausalya immediately fell down unconscious like a huge tree struck at its very roots!

Sri Rama and Lakshmana held her and helped her to gain consciousness. Slowly

opening her eyes, full of uncontrollable tears, she saw the lotus like face of her beloved son, anxiously looking at her. She held him tight for support and lamented thus ;

"Rama, my heart is indeed made of steel or I should have been dead, after hearing this unbelievable and tragic news! Had you not been born, I would not have suffered the agony of separation from such a lovable and grown up son at this old age.

I had not known any happiness in life till you were born. However, I was looking forward to some recognition and consideration from the king and co-wives through you at least—as Rama's mother! Now, with your departure, I cannot remain here to hear the insult of Kaikeyi and the indifference of your father.

Though I am old and feeble, I cannot remain in Ayodhya without you even for a moment. I shall come with you to the forest just as a cow would follow its tender calf."

Thus, Mother Kausalya continued to wail in intense grief.

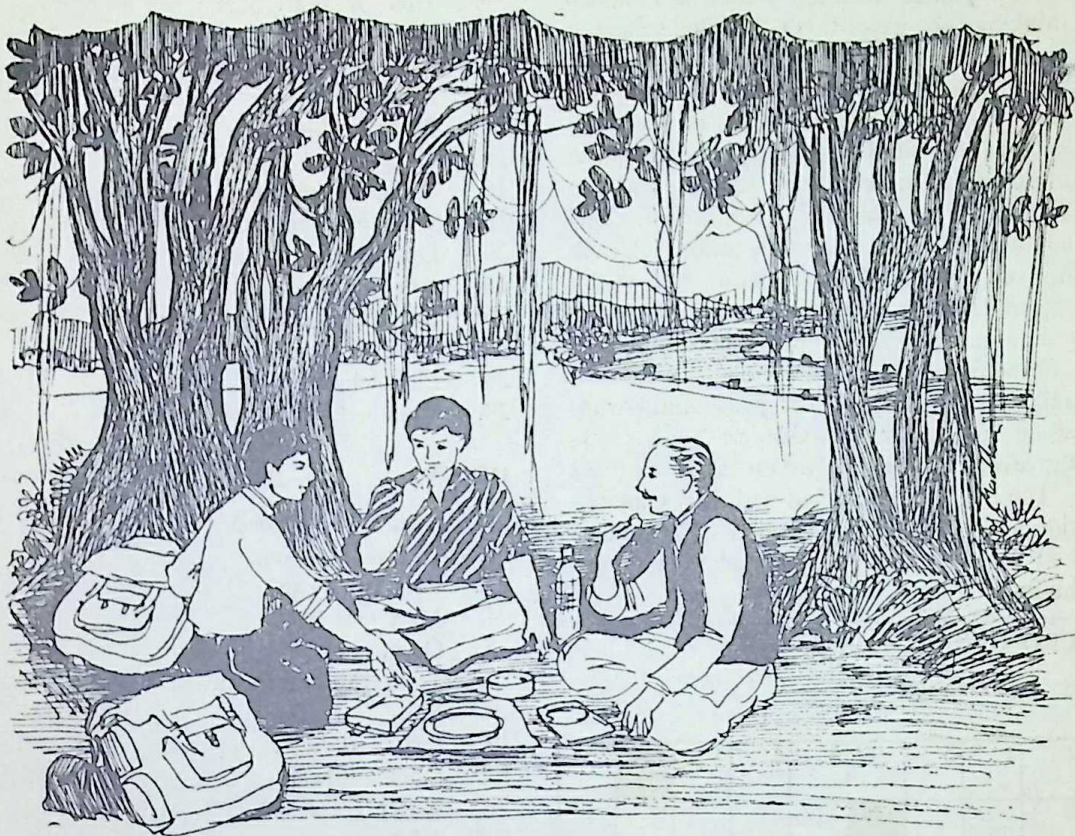
Sri Rama's loving brother, Lakshmana, who was equally affected, could not control himself any longer after seeing the agony of Mother Kausalya.

Lakshmana's love for Sri Rama took the form of anger and revolt against those who were against his brother. He became like a volcano in eruption!

Waiting for this chance, he, therefore, joined hands with Mother Kausalya and with tears in his eyes burst out thus : "Oh! Worthy Mother, I also do not feel that it is right for Sri Rama to go to the forest, forsaking the Royal throne. The old and perverse king has become a victim of domination by a woman (Kaikeyi), due to his weakness for her. What crime has Sri Rama committed to be exiled to the forest? Even Sri Rama's enemies would not find any fault in him.

THE VERDICT

By A. V. Menon



Arun, 10 and Jai, 8, were having their summer holidays. They went out hitch-hiking. The sun was very hot and by noon, the boys were tired. They came to a way-side banyan tree and sat down to rest in the shade.

They took out their lunch packs from their haversacks and settled down to eat. Just then a weary traveller came there. The boys invited him to join them. He readily accepted the invitation.

Arun had five 'rotis' in his pack and Jai three. They pooled these together and

divided them into twenty four equal pieces. The three of them shared the lunch equally among them, eight pieces each.

After lunch, the visitor rested for a while and then took leave of the boys. Before leaving, he thanked the boys for the lunch and gave Arun two rupees as cost of the lunch! Arun gave seventy five paise out of this to Jai and kept the balance for himself. Jai did not agree to this division. He argued that since the lunch was shared equally, he should be given half of the amount. When they were arguing, they

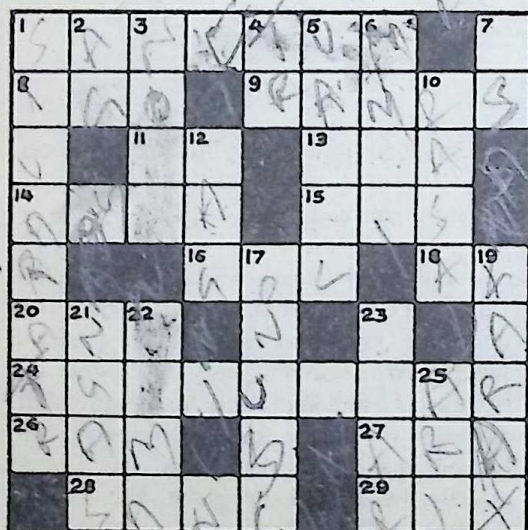
saw a sanyasi resting on the other side of the tree. The boys decided to take their case to the sanyasi, who they were sure, would give an impartial decision.

The sanyasi received them and gave their case a patient hearing. After a minute's thinking, he gave them his judgement—only in case the boys agreed to accept the same. The boys agreed. The sanyasi's verdict—twenty five paise to Jai and the balance one hundred and seventy five paise to Arun! The boys were surprised at the verdict. They wanted to know how this could be. Explained the Swamiji : each one of them had eight pieces of 'roti' which meant their individual contribution to the common pool was, Jai nine pieces and Arun fifteen pieces. Each had eight pieces so Jai contributed just one piece and Arun, seven pieces for the visitor's lunch. "Is the award not just?" asked the Swamiji.

The boys were satisfied with the explanation and accepted the 'verdict.' They thanked the Swamiji and resumed their hitchhiking.

CROSSWORD NO. 2.

By Meera Kumar



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Where mother makes sweets for you.
8. This or that.
9. Foe.
10. Second note in music.
13. Hot drink.
14. Became big.
15. Long-legged bird.
16. Make a mistake.
18. Sixth note in music.
20. Light tap.
24. Spicy eggs.
26. Used for making 24 across.
27. Time in years.
28. Lions' homes.
29. Obtained.

DOWN

1. Australian animal.
2. Opposite of out.
3. Part of a car.
4. Man and boy.
5. Come in.
6. Tree with bitter leaves.
7. Mine.
10. Beat and hurt.
12. Female Sheep.
17. Water grass.
19. Advantage.
21. In the middle of.
22. Football player.
23. Male deer.
25. Self opinion.

Solutions in the June Issue!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1. It is an egg.

By Vinit Raval

2. Radio
3. Shuttle cock.

By M. S. Giri

ARISTOTLE - 384-322 B. C.

By Ratna Nair

Walking slowly among the colonades of Athens, Aristotle read the message that had been handed to him. His scholarly face showed no change, but his mind was a mixture of regret, anger, and bitterness. The news was — Alexander of Macedonia is dead — Alexander, the great, whose boyhood teacher he had been. The note said, "Dear friend, there is danger here in Athens for you. Your enemies will trouble you because you had good relations with Alexander. You must flee at once from Athens."

This was in 323 B. C. Aristotle was 62 years old. He had to leave his beloved Peripatetri school, where he had worked with the greatest scholars of his time. Now he fled to a small island Euboea, which was some distance away.

Aristotle was born in 384 B. C. at Stagira, a small town on the north western shore of the Aegean Sea. His father was the court physician to King Amyntas of Macedon, the grandfather of Alexander the great.

During his boyhood, Aristotle's education was largely the concern of his father, and his household tutors. Under the influence of his father, he showed keen interest in natural science and collected all sorts of specimens of marine life from the sea-shore.

At the age of 17, he began his University education by attending the Academy at Athens. Here, his teacher was the great philosopher Plato. Plato named Aristotle "the mind of the school" because he was very brilliant. He was the most distinguished pupil of Plato, and he learnt under him for 20 years.

In 342 B. C., after Plato's death, Aristotle was invited by King Philip of Macedonia,

to teach his son, Alexander, who was then 14 years old. Aristotle remained in Macedonia for seven years until his pupil, young Alexander had become Alexander, the great, ruler of a great empire.

Alexander granted him large sums of money, and Aristotle used it for various educational purposes. On the basis of the specimens he had collected from the whole of the empire, he founded the science of biology, and classified the various living creatures according to their structure, blood, features etc. He would describe in detail, the behaviour of hundreds of different specimens of animals, and he even performed dissections.

After Alexander came to the throne, Aristotle also set up a school known as Peripatetri school. The word 'Peripatos' in Greek means 'Walk'. There were colonnades and gardens on the ground of the school, where the students and scholars would walk and discuss various subjects, thus giving the school its name.

Aristotle also founded the science of logic, and the form of reasoning called "syllogism." This is expounded in his work "Organon." He is reputed to have written about one thousand books, but unfortunately for the world, most of them are lost.

His famous books are "Politics," in which he discusses political ideas and theories. The statement: "Man is a social and political animal" is from this book. His book 'Physics' propounds a theory on evolution in science. He also wrote on literature. His book "Poetics" is famous for its definition of various literary terms like tragedy,

comedy, pathos, epic, etc. Even today this book is read.

Another book by Aristotle is "Metaphysics", in which he discusses philosophic ideas. Its opening line is "All men by nature desire to know." He had this desire himself, and sought knowledge in various fields.

But Aristotle also made some faulty observations, eg. he believed that the earth was in a fixed position at the centre of the universe. For more than 1,500 years, his theories and judgements, both correct and wrong, were taken for granted.

But with man's desire to know, the faulty theories have been rejected or corrected.

The Loss of Friends

A PANCHATANTRA FABLE

By Lalogue Postvala.

The next day Know-all headed for the court of the King Lion. When Rusty saw Know-all coming towards the cave, he ordered his guards not to stop his entry saying, "He's my counsellor's son."

On approaching the King, Know-all bowed low and sat down respectfully near him. Rusty looked kindly at him. Extending his right paw adorned with claws as ferocious looking as thunderbolts, he said, "Are you in good health? What are you doing these days?" Know-all lamented, "No one has need of my services. But there is something I've to ask you, and, perhaps then you may find me useful. There's nothing I would not do for my royal master."

The King fawned on him. Know-all cunningly added, "Master, yesterday, when you had gone to the river, you seemed rather perturbed by the loud noise. Would you like me to find out what type of creature is

making those sounds?"

Rusty was embarrassed to be reminded of the incident. In his heart of hearts, he was really scared to meet the creature, so he quickly replied, "Oh you silly fellow; don't worry your little head. No one will dare to come anywhere near me. Don't you know I'm the bravest of the brave? I'll take care of the monster, when the time comes."

"Please, my Lord, don't underestimate me," said the jackal. "I may seem small but remember silk comes from worms and diamond from rock mines. I could be of great help to you."

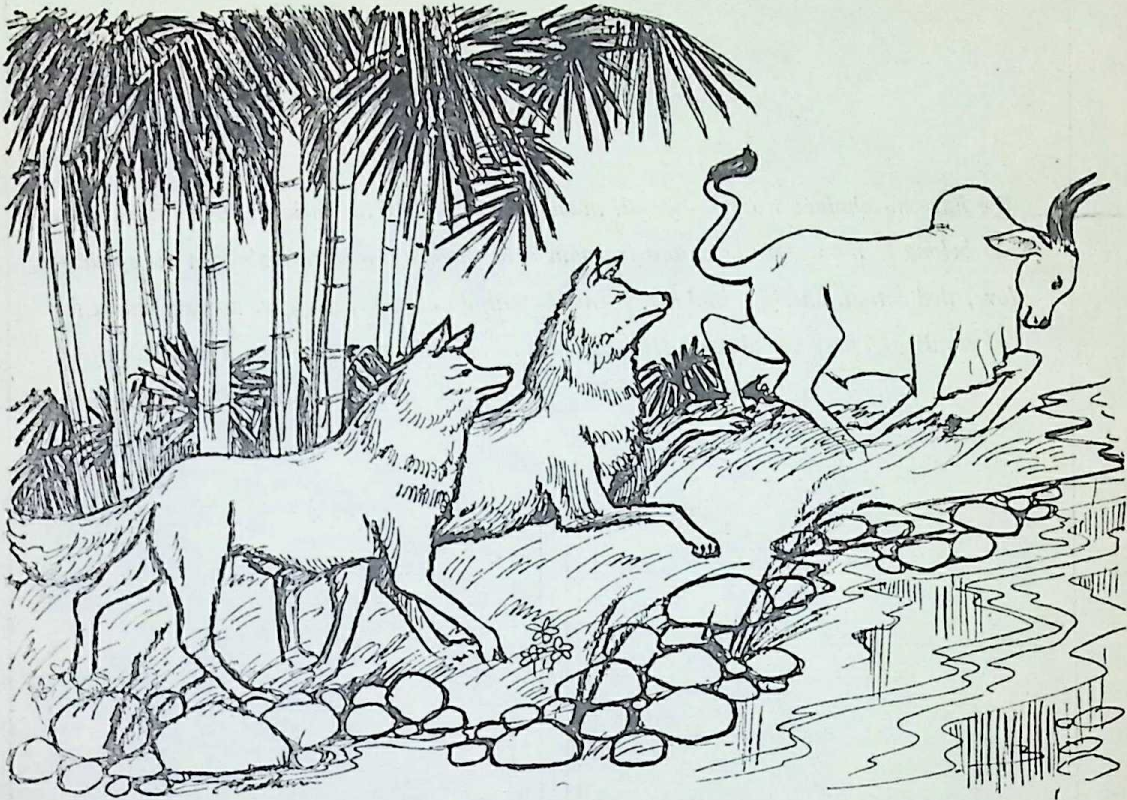
Rusty pondered over this. Ever since he had heard the thunderous noise, he had been worried. Being ashamed of this, he had not confided his worries to anyone. He was convinced that a big monster was lurking somewhere in the forest. He turned to the jackal and said, "Well, well my brave Know-all, if you insist, go and find out what this creature looks like. If possible, you may try to bring him to me."

Chuckling to himself, Know-all sought out his friend Cheeky. Together, they went to the river bank. When they reached there, Know-all, laughing, pointed to the beautiful white bull. "That's our monster." Cheeky was dumbfounded.

In the lush surroundings, Lively was gaily frisking and jumping about. From time to time, he munched the tender green grass growing on the banks of the Yamuna river and bellowed loudly with joy.

After conferring together, Know-all and Cheeky went up to Lively and shouted rudely. "Who're you? How dare you disturb the peace of the forest?"

Poor Lively was badly shaken. He meekly replied. "Friends, do not be annoyed with me. This is just my natural way of expressing my happiness."



"Don't you know this part of the forest belongs to our Master? You've to take his permission to stay here."

"Who is your master?" queried Lively. "Do take me to him. I'll take his permission to live in this forest."

When Cheeky told Lively that their Lord was the mighty lion, Rusty, the bull trembled in every limb. "Ohooo, how can I go to your master? He'll eat me up."

Both Cheeky and Know-all promised to protect him. "Come with us. If you walk between us, no harm shall come to you."

Being a simple fellow, Lively trusted the jackals and placed himself between them. On the way, Cheeky and Know-all gave sly glances to each other. Both had the same wicked thoughts in their minds. "The king will be pleased with us. He'll allow

us to pick the choicest pieces of the bull's meat."

As soon as the trio reached the cave where Rusty was waiting impatiently for them, Lively bowed low and said humbly, "Your Highness, I seek your forgiveness for having disturbed you with my loud bellowing."

Standing meekly with moist gentle eyes, seeking forgiveness, the silver bell tinkling round his shiny white hide, Lively made a beautiful picture compared to the wily jackals near him.

It was therefore not surprising that Rusty was favourably impressed and felt more friendly towards the bull than he would have in other circumstances. He extended his paw in friendship and assured Lively, "Have no fear, my friend. Come live in happiness in our midst."

The King then called the other animals and formally introduced Lively to them. The jackals were stunned. Their plan to win the King's trust and devour the bull had failed badly. They were very angry.

In the next issue we shall see how their evil minds work to break up the friendship between the lion and the bull.

To be Continued.

House of Animals

My dear Viju and Manu,

You know how close our bungalow is to nature. Every day, I learn something new about animal behaviour from the creatures around.

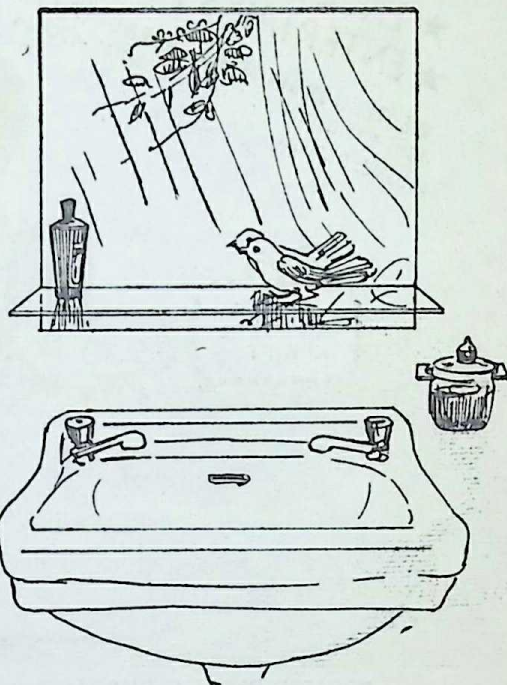
To start with, the latest experience! This is a sparrow which has started haunting my veranda since the last few days. Looking at its behavior, it is no wonder people use the term "bird-brain".

There is a mirror above the wash basin. This sparrow comes and pecks at its own reflection in the mirror.

A week before the sparrow affair, the veranda was a refuge to a pet monkey. This monkey ran off from its master and came and hid under my sofa in the drawing room. Of course, it came in from the veranda. We had quite a job trying to catch the poor animal.

Before that, it was the squirrel family which kept me fascinated and entertained. There was the nest made by the squirrel on a rafter under the roof of the veranda, just above the famous wash basin. One day, I found a squirrel sneaking about on the floor and making loud squeaks which drew my attention. After a while, I found the squirrel had jumped up into the wash basin and next moment jumped out again with a wee baby squirrel clutched in its mouth. The baby must have fallen from the nest. On seeing me, the mother squirrel ran outside. After a while, I saw her come back with the baby in her mouth, trying to take it back to

the nest. But she was unsuccessful, as she tried to make a flying jump, but fell. Then she ran off again. Next day, the same antics were repeated. It seems that the squirrel babies had grown up and had decided to leave home and explore the wide world. After that, every time I looked up, I would see a few baby tails hanging down and every time, when I made a noise, the tails would disappear. This was nearly two months ago. Now that I am back from Bombay, the



squirrel family has gone. In its place, are sparrows!

There are a couple of cats also who consider this place as their home. In the afternoons, when it is very hot, they come and relax under the stairs. So I have to be careful not to leave the kitchen door open.

After this, I do not know what other visitors I will have—but you see there is never a dull moment in this place!

With Love
Mohini.



This is the gist of the talk given on October 6, 1979 by Swami Chinmayananda at Naveen Siva Ashram.

Man grows slowly. The infant child is unlike the animal which when separated in birth from the parent is quickly independent. For a comparatively longer time after coming out into the world, the baby must be fed by sitting on the lap of the mother. Again in learning to walk, it leans on mother's finger. Even in running, there is this guiding connection as mother calls after him : "Don't fall be careful."

It is not until the age of 12 to 14 that the youngster discovers the independent power of decision—making and judgement—the instrument of his own intellect. With this newly found capacity, he starts disobeying parents. And we can't blame him or expect him to act differently. He must experiment with his new instrument; we really cannot, even with all our wisdom born of our hardwon experience, tell him what to do. Yet because there is not any standard of comparison developed within his brain, the youngster really cannot judge properly, and thus all the pains and mistakes of the teenage years.

This is a delicate process — the education of the intellect. Because the child must revolt during this process, it needs extra patience on the part of parents and teachers, where the youngster is directly unavailable for our control.

Truly the nation's wealth is not in growing crops, but in growing children. And just as in agricultural methods, the educational system needs to be up-to-date in order to yield capable citizens and intelligent and morally strong leaders which this country urgently requires. It is not enough to blindly follow the British leftover system and work only for outmoded results. Last year, America discovered that too much pressure of studies was actually twisting the mental make up of the students. Let us hope that it will not be another twenty years before India will come to similar conclusions only by imitation! When books are too many, merely because we are towing the line with the West, then the result will be that there is a lack of independent thinking, of creative work in any department.

Take a look at the type of people coming up as leaders. These children were born with political, social, cultural independence yet how corrupt and immoral is the product! Are these the type of people our 'independent' system carves out? If so, it is well past the time to start thinking how to mould people to the inherent genius of this country.

This education-with-a-vision has already been taken up as an experiment by Chinmaya Mission, and the results are already a striking success as the Bala Vihar and Vidyalaya programmes show disciplined and self-confident children coming up. In their studies, they are introduced to cultural heroes to inspire their minds, give their intellects some standard to tune their ideals with. This teaching is not in terms of words, but symbolized by men who lived great and

noble ideals. By these examples, they not only gain a standard by which to judge correctly their own actions in everyday life, but they recognize a mighty ideal behind all things and happenings.

In order to skilfully communicate these ideals, the teachers themselves must be trained to have depth of thought and character. The teacher must have a spiritual balance and ideal, only then can it be sincerely imparted to the student. This is well illustrated in the case of a mother approaching Mahatma Gandhi and requesting him to instruct her young son not to eat sugar. Gandhiji's reply was simple: "bring him back in three days." At the end of three days, the child returned and was admonished by the great man not to take sugar. But the mother was curious why this command could not have been given on the first visit. The great one's reply to her question was "I first had to give up taking sugar. Three days ago, I myself was eating it."

And therefore, each teacher in Bala Vihar or Vidyalaya program is given a ten to fifteen day course at Sandeepany Sadhanalaya in Bombay where they are introduced to the necessity of self-discipline, the upliftment of the Scriptures, the spirit and attitude to teaching. In the classrooms, we have tried to create the most productive atmosphere for teaching. The classes are limited to 25 to 30 children so that the teacher can give them love and individual interest, watch and report on the progress and requirements of each.

Now is not the time to be sentimental in our educational system. To correct the deficiencies, we must go to the right source to change it. Specific problems are cured when the fundamental source of problem is resolved. We can weave a new generation in the beauty of its cultural glories. Our service to society is this moulding of a nation,

independent of borrowed achievements, not shadowed by others' successes, but standing in its own cultivated flame of national pride. It can be done; the evidences are already before us. In 50 years' time, Russia came up with the vast uneducated masses from the farm. Even with the poor people of the street, with no tradition of study, we can come up too. Let us not remain a baby with a beard! Let us intelligently provide the necessary field and the children will blossom.

In case you are interested in your child joining a Bala Vihar class to develop his her character, please contact

Mr. P. R. Unny, Chief Sewak
A 21/81 Sidhartha Nagar (Old)
Road No. 2,
Goregaon (West)
Bombay 400 062.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUSES

By Sarabjeet S. Baweja

I board at the Bandra Talkies bus stop where the bus is usually infested with well-dressed women and men of all ages. After chasing a couple of buses, I manage to scramble into one of them, much to the discomfort of fellow commuters.

A few minutes later, we come to the Mahim Causeway and by God, what a breathtaking view! Leaving the glory and splendour of the suburbs for my dreams, I have to think of a strategy to obtain a seat for myself because it is a one hour journey to V. T.

On my left, a weak 60 year-old lady rises to offer her seat to a much younger woman, who is however lame and carrying a stick. "No, No" says the lame one, "I am perfectly alright."

WHAT'S NEW?

By Lalita and Maya Malani

After the successful flight of the American space shuttle in April 1981, the Russians and a Romanian have been busy in outer space! Actually, two Soviet cosmonauts (as the Russians call them), have been aboard the space laboratory Salyut-6 since March 14.

On May 14, a Romanian, Dumitru Prunariu and his Soviet mission commander Leonid Popov, were launched into space aboard their Soyuz-40 space capsule. They linked it to the space laboratory and did some joint research on the Salyut-6. They returned to earth after a week on the space station!

We have come a long way from the time when the Lunar Module Eagle first landed on the moon on July 20, 1969 and lifted off after barely 21 hours 36 minutes. American Neil Armstrong, command pilot of the Apollo mission, was the first man to set foot on the Moon on the Sea of Tranquility, followed by Col. Edwin Aldrin. The Apollo XI had blasted off from Cape Kennedy, Florida on July 16.

Life may exist on Mars, Jupiter and Titan, a satellite of Saturn, according to Dr. V. S. Venkatavardhan, well-known astronomer and director of Nehru planetarium. However, there is very little chance of life existing on Mercury, Venus and Pluto because their climate is either very hot or very cold. The temperature on Mercury is 300 degrees C. maximum and 180 degrees minimum. Venus has the highest surface temperature among all the planets-480 degrees C., nearly 100 degrees more than the temperature required to bake a cake!

Coming down to earth, strange things are happening here. Doctors have sewn a

new heart into a patient's chest next to the diseased one. The new heart will absorb most of the strain. The four-hour operation, known as the 'piggy back' is the first one of its kind to be carried out in Britain!

It was done near London on a 51-year old married man, Peter Scott, who was given the heart of a teenage girl who died in a road accident. The first heart transplant operation was done by Dr. Christian Bernard in South Africa.

Can you imagine a twelve-year old boy fighting with a bear? Sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it's true! This is how it happened. Rewaram, a small boy who lives in Raipur, set out on April 26 with his younger brother to collect 'tendu' leaves in the nearby forest.

While he was busy collecting the leaves, he suddenly came face to face with a bear which attacked him. Calmly and with all his strength, he caught the hair on the bear's neck and pulled it. Enraged, the bear hit the boy with its paw and tore his flesh. For seven minutes, the boy fought with the bear till it ran away! Brave Rewaram had wounds on his head and thigh but at least he was alive.

Have you ever heard of a race where the loser wins the prize? The 'Kachra Hatao Andolan' is having such a race to keep Bombay clean. The competition will last for one year, at the end of which a shield will be presented to the municipal ward officer of the most unclean area.

This brilliant idea occurred to Mr. S. D. Kamble, president of the Kachra Hatao Andolan when the officers did not show interest in competing for the "clean shield." Now they have to keep their wards clean so as not to win the "unclean shield!" ☐

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GURU POORNIMA

By: H. P. Eswar

Blessed Children,

Hari Om !

Sandeepany Sadhanalaya! Does'nt it sound familiar?

Just like Poojya Gurudev Swami Chinmaya-nandaji, who is our Guru, Sandeepany was the Guru of Lord Krishna and His friend Sudama also known as Kuchela.

There is a story, Lord Krishna and Sudama were students. The teacher had dictated some lessons. There was no more room in the slates of the students. So he said "wipe off your slates, I am going to take a new lesson."

So all the children did as were told. But Lord Krishna could not rub off what he had written on his slate. He tried again and again. He thought that the waters of the Ganga, Yamuna, Krishna, Narmada, Cauvery and other holy rivers of Bharat could help him. He was desperate. He did not know what to do. He paused for a moment. The holy scriptures say that "Guru is Greater than God." So let me offer my prayers to him and do his Pada-Pooja. So He concentrated His mind on the feet of the Guru and washed them with pure water. With great faith, He used the water for wiping the slate. Within seconds all that was written and which could not be wiped off earlier were off. The slate was clean—Divinely clean—!

So children, if we act with full faith in your Guru, even fate can be changed! So

Guru can change the course of our life for good.

We must treat our Guru with the Reverence, feel eternally grateful to him for the invaluable help he has rendered and must carryout his commandments implicitly.

The Guru is God in human form. The Guru serves as a bridge between us students and the Almighty. In fact the Guru is respected more than God Himself since while the Guru who shows us the path to God can be seen, God has to be seen with the aid of the Guru.

Our Poojya Gurudev takes personal interest in all of us who are his students and inspires and encourages us to achieve distinction in our studies.

The Guru is considered great, because he helps us in all possible ways. He explains the greatness of the scriptures and their usefulness to us. In any circumstance he is cool as the full moon of (Poornima).

T	Tact	} are considered the qualities of a Guru (Teacher)
E	Earnestness	
A	Ability	
C	Character	
H	Humour	
E	Enthusiasm	
R	Resourcefulness	

These abound in our Gurudev Param Poojya Swami Chinmayanandaji.



Swami Chinmayanadji being received by Shree T. V. Narayanaswamy,
Secretary, Chinmaya Bal Vihar family at Kala Mandir, Calcutta.

Guru Poornima or Vyasa Pooja that falls on Friday 17th July, 1981 is a significant religious event conducted to the intellectual incarnation of Bhagawan Veda Vyasa. Veda Vyasa classified the vedas as four, composed the great epic Mahabharata, and gave us the 18 Puranas. He also contributed the Brahma Sutras so that we could understand the meaning of the holy scriptures better. These Brahma Sutras were commenced by him on a Poornima day and concluded on the next Poornima day.

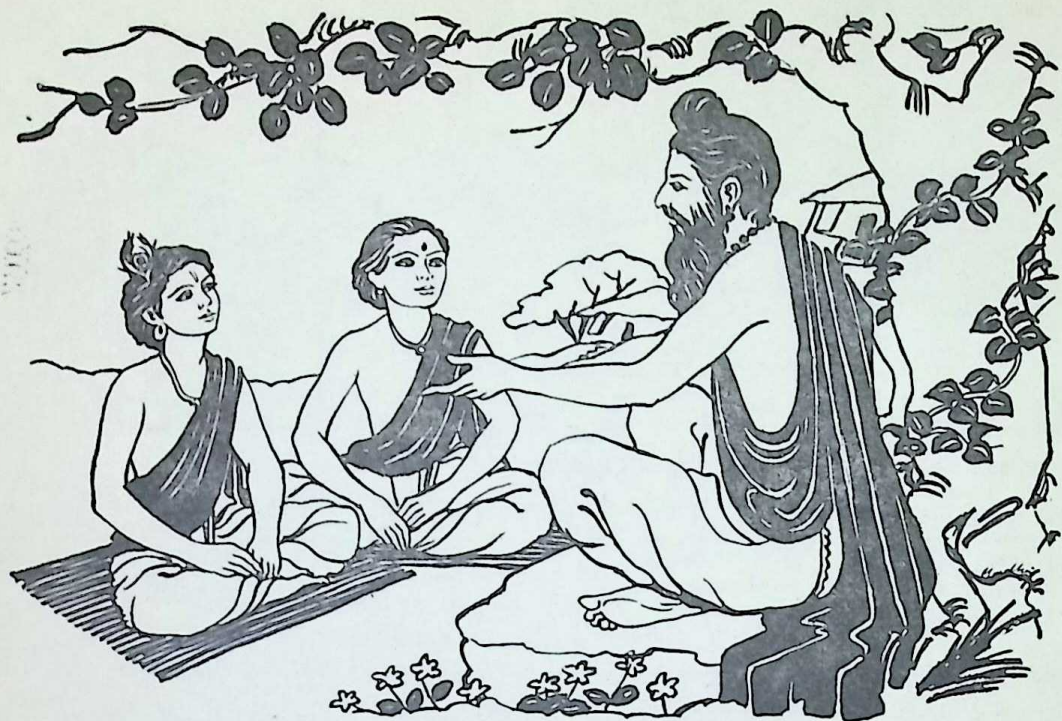


Some great Gurus and their disciples —

Disciple	Guru
Lord Shri Rama	Sage Vasishta
Lord Shri Krishna	Sage Sandeepany
Sabari	Shri Rama
Prahlada	Bhagawan Vishnu
Arjuna	Dronacharya
Sage Valmiki	Sage Narada
Adi Shankara	Govind Bhagavad Pada
Shivaji Maharaj	Sant Ramdas
Swami Vivekananda	Shri Ramakrishna Paramahansa
Swami Chinmaya- nanda	Shri Tapovan Maharaj
Swami Dayananda	Swami Chinmayananda

गुरु गोविंद दोनों खड़े, काके लागू पाय ?
हुई कृपा गुरु आप की दोनों दिये मिलाय ।

Both Guru and Govind are
standing before me. I am
not in the know before whom
I must bow. Gurudeva ! it is
your grace that I am able to
know both.



The Blessed Disciples of Guru Sandeepany

By : Deepu Dada

SCENE—I

(The sun is rising. The birds are chirping. The sound of cutting wood is resounding. The distant note of the flute comes nearer and nearer. Child Kanhaiya comes in the garden).

Krishna : Sudama! My dear friend Sudama, where are you?

Sudama : (from the tree top) Kanhaiya, I am here on the tree.

Krishna : On the tree! What you are doing there?

Sudama : I am cutting 'samidhas' for gurudeva's Yagyakund.

Krishna : (Hearing the sound of the clutter of teech) But what is in your mouth? You must be eating something.

Sudama : (Stops eating of parched grams) Kanhaiya, due to severe cold my teeth are clattering.

(The sound of the ashram Shankh (couch) is heard).

Krishna : Alright, alright come down with the sumidhas. It is prayer time of the ashram. We must reach in time and join the ashram prayer.

(Sudama comes down and they proceed to the ashram)

SCENE—II

(Guru Sandeepany's ashram. A group of disciples have started chanting the mantras of Surya Vandana),

- Sandeepany : It is funny, that my most sincere disciples are absent during the prayer. (Hearing the note of the flute) Look, Kanhaiya is coming.
Somadeva : He is coming with Sudama.
Nandi : Gurudeva, Kanhaiya is the son of Maharaja Nand, the chieftain of the gopes.
Somadeva : (interepting in between)) And Sudama is the son of a very poor Brahmin.
Nandi : But Kanhaiya and Sudama are bosom friends.
Sandeepany : Somadeva, Nandi, such utterances are never welcome in this ashram. Hold your tongue. I am proud of my disciples. Krishna and Sudama are ideal Gurubandhus.

(Both Come in)

- Krishna : Gurudeva! I am sorry for the delay.
Sandeepany : I know the reason of delay, Sudama—
Sudama : Yes Gurudeva!
Sandeepany : Put down the 'samidhas' and join the prayer.
(They all chant the mantras of Surya Vandana)
Krishna : (Coming close to Guru Sandeepany) Gurudeva!
Sandeepany : Yes my dear Krishna, what do you want to say?
Krishna : Gurudeva, it is Guru Poornima today.
Sandeepany : Yes, yes I know it. Anything particular!
Krishna : I want your blessings Gurudeva.
Sandeepany : Dear child, Sandeepany's ashram gives nothing but blessings only. The love, devotion and regard of my disciples are such gems, that even Kubera can not get them.
Krishna : But my request is a bit different Gurudeva.
Sandeepany : Do not feel shy. Let me know, what is your wish?
Krishna : Gurudeva, Gurubandhus of the ashram, think that I am the son of a rich Gope.
Sandeepany : It is a fact my boy.
Krishna : And they call Sudama, the son of a poor Brahmin.
Sandeepany : This truth too cannot be denied.
Krishna : Excuse me Gurudeva, it is not a truth. It is a mis-conception. For me is Krishna and Krishna is Sudama.
Sandeepany : Krishna, my boy, I am proud of you. I was just taking your test. I am happy Sudama to see that you have succeeded gloriously in the test.
Krishna : Gurudeva bless me, that whole of my life, I may not disregard my Gurubandhu Sudama.
Sandeepany : Krishna, my blessings will always be with you, and your 'sakha' Sudama. You will be called the ideal Gurubandhus of this ashram.

(The ashram bell rings. The Class disperses).



WELCOME RAINS

*Look at our eager eyes,
All eyes are fixed on the skies;
The thirsty world is crying,
Why don't you hear the cries?
Come, cry not like, the rumbling train
Come on, Come on rain!*

*A dark sheet spread across,
Do not hesitate, to win the toss;
Behave not like the brute boss;
Are you happy to see our loss?
Come, quick, if you have any brain!
Come on, Come on rain.*

*Peacocks are calling,
The frogs are rolling;
The trees are shaking;
We all are baking;
Drop dear rain like a drain—
Come on, come on, rain!*

By Sree Seshaiiah (15 years)

THE LITTLE DAISY

*I saw a little flower
It was yellow in colour
Hidden in the grass
It was shimmering like brass.*

*Besides it were others
Like sisters and brothers
As I watched them dance and play
My heart became happy and gay
The little daisy danced the best.*

By Archana A. Mudbidri (9 years)

RAINBOW

*From the sky, to the earth —
No no, do not bow!
You are brighter than the snow—
Come down with a glassing glow
You brighten, every sad brow,
You have learnt to attract, to draw
You have caught colours on the flow
oh! radiant Rainbow!*

By Archana Gidwani (14 years)

THE CUCKOO

*The cuckoo is singing
With the notes of Coo-Coo
The heart is dancing
On the trees above,
The cuckoo's voice is full of love.
It sings coo-coo
It appeals to me
And it's a thing of joy for you.*

By Lily Sharma (10 years)

THE LIE

By : Chitra Rao

"Sheela, have you finished your homework?" asked Mrs. Sen, seeing her daughter running out to play.

"Yes, Mummy" replied Sheela.

The next day in school, just before Mrs. Fernandes came into school, Sheela remembered that she had not done her home work.

As soon as Mrs. Fernandes came in, she noticed Sheela with her head down on the desk, her hand clutching her stomach. "What is wrong, Sheela?" She asked, walking up to her.

"Miss, I have got a terrible stomach-ache" replied Sheela.

"Since when have you got this pain?" she asked.

"Since yesterday evening," replied Sheela, "O.K. go to the sick room and get matron to give you some medicine," she said.

After school, Mrs. Fernandes was walking home with her colleague, Mrs. Rao when she noticed Sheela getting into the school bus.

"You know Mrs. Sen, don't you?" asked Mrs. Fernandes.

"Yes, I do, but why did you ask?" replied Mrs. Rao.

"Sheela complained of a stomachache this afternoon and said that she has had it since yesterday. Please ask Mrs. Sen not to send her to school. If she is sick one day missed doesn't matter," explained Mrs. Fernandes.

"I'll tell her." promised Mrs. Rao.

Mrs. Rao decided to drop in on the ways home. When she went there, she found Mrs. Sen plaiting Sheela's hair,

"How's your stomach-ache now, Sheela?" asked Mrs. Rao.

"Much better Miss," replied Sheela.



"Stomach-ache" asked Mrs. Sen "Sheela, when did you have a stomach-ache?"

"Since yesterday evening," said Mrs. Rao before Sheela could reply.

"Yesterday evening! But she never told me anything. In fact, she had gone out to play," said Mrs. Sen "Did you really have a stomach-ache Sheela?" she asked sternly.

"I.....Mummy, I hand't finished my homework yesterday. I was scared Mrs. Fernandes would shout at me, so I pretended I had a stomach-ache." said Sheela.

"So that's it. One lie led to so many others," said Mrs. Rao.

"Tomorrow, you will go and apologize to Mrs. Fernandes and tell her the truth," said Mrs. Sen.

"Yes Mummy", said Sheela, sorry for having told a lie. □

PICTURE QUIZ (GAMES)

Answers of your games material Quiz starting from the first word of the picture :—

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| (1) BAT | — BAT |
| (2) FISH | — FOOTBALL |
| (3) HORSE | — HOCKEY |
| (4) VULTURE | — VOLLYBALL |
| (5) TIGER | — TBNNIS |

PROBLEMS ?

Do you have a problem? If you do, please write and tell us. We shall try and solve it. Remember, two heads are better than one. So don't worry. Write a letter and pass your worries on to us. You need not be afraid about your name being published. If you don't want your name to appear in 'Bal Vihar', please write and tell us and we shall not disclose it.

Don't forget to mention your age and the class which you are in. This will help Kamath Uncle to give the correct solution to your problem.

(Solution to Sunil R. Punjabi, Bombay and Venugopal, Korba)

Dear Sunil and Venugopal,

Both of you—like many other students all over India—are not sufficiently interested in studies. When I was of your age I had the same problem. No amount of guidance, "lectures", scoldings got me interested in studies. Cricket, stamps, novels, clubs were the only interests I had. The exams also held no fear for me. Grudgingly, I would sit and study for my parent's sake. Then one teacher told me, "Friend, don't study for your parent's sake. Study for your own sake. Study with love and devotion." That day onwards I studied (not just read some books) religiously. So the most important thing about studying is **STUDY FOR YOUR OWN SAKE**. Firstly, you will gain immense knowledge which will be useful in college and later life. Secondly, you will be respected by friends, relatives and everyone. Thirdly, by studying well you will earn a lot of scholarships, prizes, rewards for your good performance.

How do you begin creating interest in studies? You may feel bored or lack of concentration because a) you find the subject difficult b) you are not habituated to studying.

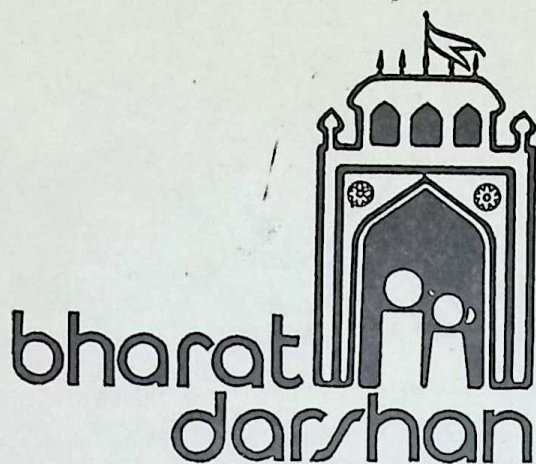
If you find the subject difficult, please do not give up. Read the textbook (however difficult) again and again. Try to understand the difficult portions with the help of dictionary, teacher, friends or someone in your house. What happened when you learned cycling? You found it difficult, you fell down once or twice. Did you give up? No! When you stick to your task you always achieve success. So it is with your school books.

A very interesting and useful way to stick to your studies is the time-table habit. In the school there is a time-table. Why not have one at home? Keep aside 2-3 hours everyday for studying. At about half hour intervals take a break of just five minutes. Study DAILY according to your time-table. Spend more time with difficult subjects or your weak subjects. Study all your subjects regularly. A very important method of studying is revision. You must revise frequently.

To sum up, (a) study for your own sake (b) study regularly with a time-table (c) it is highly profitable to succeed in school (d) you gain respect of everyone (e) revise frequently (f) Never give up....

Yours Affectionately,
Kamath Uncle.

(30th June, 1981)



Sri Parthasarathi Temple — Madras

By : Dr. R. Vajreswari.

To-day, we are visiting the ancient Vishnu shrine in Madras. It is the temple of Sri Partha—Sarathi — (Partha — Arjuna; Sarathi—Charioteer). It is near a famous tank of water-lilies and hence this place is called Tiru — Alli—Keni (beautiful—liley—tank).

The temple has been sanctified by the worship of Sapta Rishis and many Vaishnava saints. The origin of the temple is traced to a great devotee of the Lord of Seven Hills. He was King Sumati, who had offered his everything to the Lord, praying fervently for the Darshan of 'Geetacharya,, the unique Charioteer of Partha. The Lord appeared in his dream and directed him to go to Vrindaranya, the old name of Thiruvallikeni. To the same place, Vedavyasa sent Atreya Maharishi, with an image of Lord Vishnu. The sacred image had a conch in the right hand. The left hand was in Gnanamudra, pointing to His Holy Feet.

This symbolises the essence of the teaching of the Lord — "Sarvadarman——(Gita Chapt. 18 : V. 66).

"Abandoning all Dharmas, take refuge in Me alone : I will liberate thee from all sins; grieve not."

The King welcomed the sage and was overwhelmed with Sri Parthasarathi he had brought with him. Immediately, a temple was built and arrangements were made for regular worship.

We learn that the Pallava Kings rebuilt the temple extensively. In the 17th century, the Dutch merchants occupied a part of the fortified temple, when they attacked San Thome. Later on, it was handed over by them to the English East India Company. In the midst of the 19th Century, the company chose a small group of three persons and handed over the temple to be administered in the traditional way.

The image of Lord Parthasarathi is of a rare black granite stone. The majestic figure of the Lord and the penetrating eyes captivate the heart of a devotee. The most remarkable feature to be noted is that we see the arrow wounds received in the battle of Kurukshetra!

On the right of the Lord, is Devi Rukmani and on the left is Satyaki, his younger brother. Balarama is near Rukmani and Pradyumna and Anirudha, son and grandson, respectively of Sri Krishna are facing Balarama. The presence of the Panchaveeras (five heroes) is a unique feature of this temple. We learn from Bhagavatam, that Rukmani, who had set her mind on Lord Krishna had been earnestly praying for accepting her in the midst of all obstacles. Lord Krishna, carried her away when Rukmani was returning from Gauri temple.

Satyaki drove the chariot and Balarama was warding off the attacks of Sisupala, the disappointed suitor and his friends. It is in view of this incident, we find the Lord and Devi Rukmani in the company of Balarama and Satyaki.

The "Utsavamutri" is captivating. The tilak with a dark-blue stone in the centre and set with diamonds all round, shines like a full-moon. There are a number of small shrines. Lord Ranganatha, Andal and Ramanuja shrines are considered very important.

True to the tradition of famous temples, a number of festivals are celebrated throughout the year. The Vimana of the Central shrine is gold plated and is known as Ananda Vimana.

It is worth while noting that an ancient Parthasarathi temple dedicated by Adi Sankaracharya near the famous Krishna temple at Guruvayr has been renovated and is being rededicated in July. ☐



1. Which mare can never be ridden?
2. Which jam can never be eaten?
3. Which stars are never found in the sky?
4. Whose life is full of ups and downs?
5. It is round but it is not a marble. It is black but it is not a crow. It sings but in is not a singer. What is it?

By Sharad Ramani

6. How can you spell the word candy in 2 alphabets?

By Anandi Sujeer

(Answers on Page 27)

IMPORTANT DATES AND EVENTS IN THE MONTH OF JULY 1981.

In the month of June last year childrens' fair was conducted in our Ashram which we are planning to keep in the month of November 1982. This year on BAL DIVAS, the November 1981, we are publishing a special issue of Bal Vihar.

JULY 1981

4-7-1981	Swamy Vivekananda's Maha Samadhi Day.
16-7-1981	DAKSHINAYANA PUNYAKALA—The sun enters the second half of its rotation round the year.
17-7-1981	Vyasa Poornima or Guru Poornima.
24-7-1981	Swamy Shivananda's Maha Samadhi Day.
28-7-1981	Swamy Nityananda of Ganeshpuri entered Maha Samadhi.



HEALTH OF THE CHILDREN

The care of your baby begins from the day of its conception. You can promote the proper growth of your unborn child by taking good care of the health of the mother and by ensuring a right diet during pregnancy. Since any disorders in mother's health must be attended to and the obstetric problems must be corrected, the mother should go for regular periodic check-ups. The care of the new born baby consists of regular paediatric check-ups, proper diet and timely immunisation.

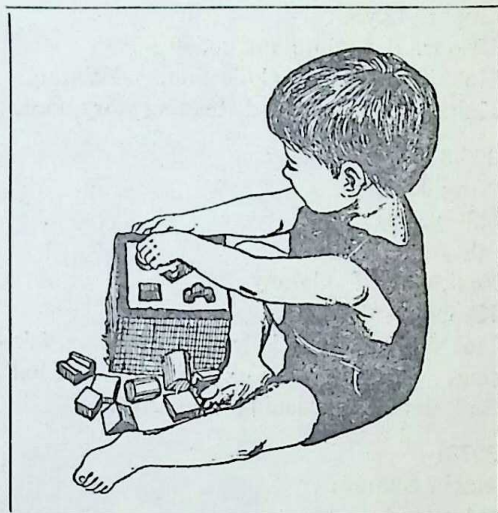
At the Health centre you can consult a paediatrician who will examine your baby's growth and development as well as advise you on diet and immunisation.

It is important to start the baby on fruit juices between the age of 6 weeks and 8 weeks gradually going on to cereal foods, boiled vegetables, etc. By the age of one year the child can eat a solid meal.

If you don't want to take any chances with your baby's life then you must immunise it

against such dangerous diseases like small pox, polio, diphtheria and whooping cough. These diseases can not only stunt your baby's growth, deform and cripple it, but can also be fatal.

For its proper growth, the child needs not only physical care but also understanding, love and guidance of its parents which promote its mental and emotional maturity. Wise parents can provide opportunities to the growing child to experience the joys of learning by providing creative toys. It could be also gradually guided to be independent, disciplined and self-reliant.



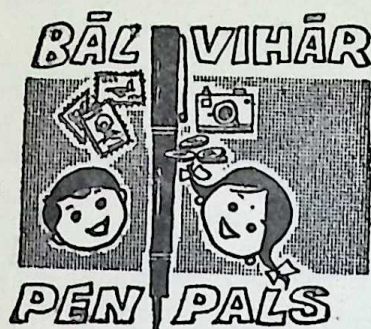
From :

'Help yourself to good health'

Published by Larsen & Toubro Limited,
Powai Works, Bombay. ☐

ANSWERS :

- (1) 4, (2) 10, (3) 18 (4) 5 (5) 12 (6) 1
(7) 14 (8) 4 (9) 7.
-



395/81

R. Sri Lakshmi

C/o. N. Douressamy

No. 5, 6th Cross

Gupta Layout

Ulsoor, Bangalore Pin : 560 008.

Hobbies : Stamp Collection, Painting, Knitting, Cycling, and Reading story books.

396/81

Niraj Rath

(13 years)

4th Aditya Building

Zenith Staff Colony

Khopoli - 410 203.

Hobbies : Stamp Collection, Reading, Writing, Coin Collection, Cricket, Foot ball, Badminton, Gardening and Jokes.

397/81

Navin Sharma

(14 years)

4/2403, Behari Colony

Shahdara, Delhi.

Hobbies : Painting, reading, cycling, wrestling and gardening.

398/81

Sandesh S. Dugad

(9 years)

Hobbies : Reading comics, seeing, T. V.

Enjoying. picnic of hill stations.

Smart Alec

The man wanting to kill himself, got ready to jump from a plane.

The air-hostess saw him and said "Wait"!

The man said "180 pounds."

Kinder garten teacher : Now Tommy, what does a hippopotamus have, that other animals don't have?

Tommy : A baby Hippo.

It's a wonder really how one person can make so many mistakes! said the mathematics teacher glancing through Sunil's homework.

"These are not my mistakes alone, Sir, My sister, myself and my grandma have done it together" replied Sunil promptly.

"Why everybody leaves the office at 5-00 p. m. ? said the boss; "To avoid the traffic jam at 5-30 p. m." was the prompt reply.

By Rajshree Gopalan
(15 years)

Peter : "Hi, Jacky! What's up?"

Jacky : "Prices!"

Peter : "Yes, I Know! Isn't it awful?"

Jacky : "It's getting so you can't make both ends meet any more!"

Roger : "My uncle can make both ends meet."

Peter : "What does he do for a living?"

Roger : "He's a contortionist!"

Let every slip in us be an education for us.

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"No problem" says the 60 year-old "I am getting off at the next stop." The lame one subsides meekly into the seat but in the process just about manages to crush the foot of a standee, who lets out a blood-curdling shriek of pain, causing the woman in front of him to drop her bag in fright. The bag falls and bursts open, thereby spilling its contents all over my feet. I bend down to help her salvage some of her garbage (of lipstick, mascara, handkerchief, tissues etc.) and so does she and we both bang our heads very smartly And so I reach mid-town without being able to acquire a seat for myself.

But this is just the beginning. While the bus-driver is hooting furiously and cursing the pedestrians, a middle-aged well dressed man with a VIP briefcase, offers his seat to a young and pretty woman, rather chivalrously. An exchange of politeness takes place. She wants to get down at the next stop. In the meantime, I take the seat very calmly under the vicious glares of the "well-dressed gentleman." Since we are now approaching the city, there is strong pushing to get off the bus.

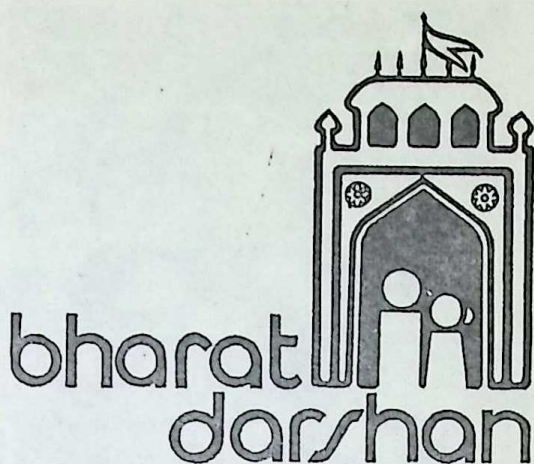
"Must you stand right by the exit?" demands a terse voice.

"And where do you think you are standing? On the Moon?" comes the sarcastic reply from a thin, wiry bodied hero, with a bare bony chest.

As I jostle my way to the exit, I hear a voice, heavily laden with sarcasm. "Well thank you very much."

To my dismay, I turn and see that I have left my handkerchief there. By the time I get my handkerchief back, I have already missed my stop and hence have to walk back a lot, thus wasting precious minutes in the process.

I reach school 20 minutes late and get a fair share of my teacher's mind. But she praises me when I write this essay "The Battle of the Buses." So I am sending it to Balvihar, my favourite magazine.



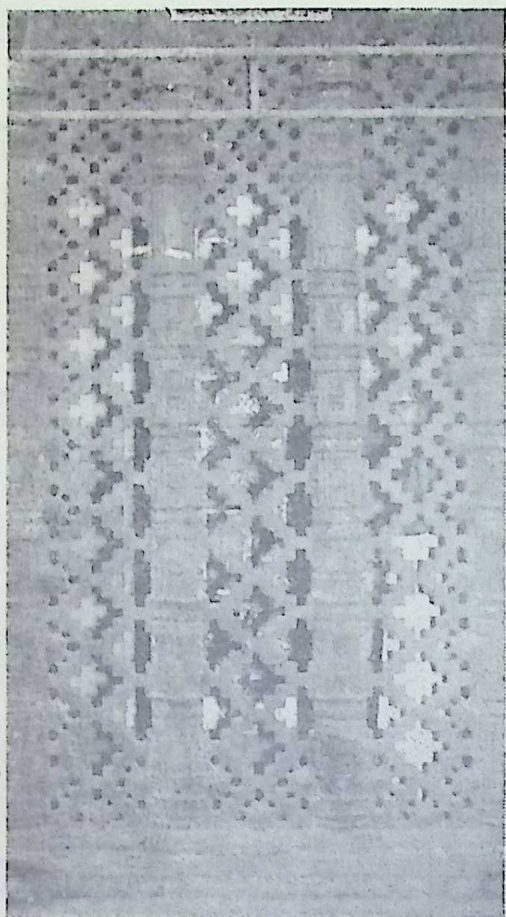
THIRUVALAMJULI VINAYAKA

Dr. R. Vajreswari.

I am sure you enjoyed the trip to the Ucchi-Pillayar temple, Rock Fort. To-day we will be visiting another well-known Vinayaka temple. It is at Thiruvallamjuli (Thiru=beautiful, sacred; Valam=right; juli=turned), where Vinayaka's trunk is turned towards the right side. I hope you have noticed that in most of the Vinayaka images, the trunk is turned towards the left side.

There is something unique about the Vinayaka of this place. He is Svetha Vinayaka (Svetha=White). As far as I know, this is the only Vinayaka in white. What is the tradition of this temple?

We have a very interesting account. You know about the extraordinary event, the churning of the Ocean of Milk. That was a cosmic event which the Devas and Demons were engaged in. The first outcome of the churning was the emergence of poison instead of nectar. In response to the prayers of the Devas, Lord Siva swallowed the poison and Parvati Devi pressed her hand at the neck of Siva so that it would



The stone door of the Vinayaka Temple.

Photo : Courtesy Mr. Venkatasuppa Iyer,
Harikumari Arts, Kanyakumari.

not go down. The poison was retained in the neck and Lord Siva came to be known as Neelakanta (Neela=blue; Kanta=neck), the blue-necked one.

The second attempt at churning threatened to be a failure as the central staff used for churning — the Meru Mount— began to sink. The Devas realised the they had started on this great task without

worshipping Vigneswara (Vigna=obstacle; Iswara=Lord), another name of Vinayaka. How to get an image of Vigneswara in the Milky Ocean ? It struck them that they could gather the foam caused by the churning of the Ocean and compress it to make an image of the Lord. With intense prayers, they made the image and offered worship. All the obstacles were overcome and finally they got 'amritham'.

Indra took this Svetha Vinayaka to Indraloka and worshipped there. When Indra came to the earth on a pilgrimage to wipe out his sins, he brought the Lord with him. When he came to the place near Kumbakonam and stayed there, he worshipped the Lord with great fervour. When he decided to leave the place and continue his pilgrimage, the idol of Vinayaka would not move. As directed by the Lord, he moved on. Indra was unwilling to leave the dear Lord behind but he had to obey ! So the Lord born of the Milky Ocean and worshipped in Devaloka, chose to stay near the sacred city of Kumbakonam and bestow all boons on devotees.

The temple is a beautiful one. The most outstanding feature of the temple is the stone door with the wonderful carvings and fretwork. The stone pillars are also carved in great detail. The photo gives you an idea of the artistic excellence of the door. Let us step in and get the blessings of Svetha Vinayaka and see the wonders of the Sculptors.

**WIN A FABULOUS CASH PRIZE OF
RUPEES 50 !**

All you have to do is collect maximum Balvihar subscriptions ! For details, refer to April issue (A Letter From Maya) or contact your Bala Vihar Sevak/Sevika. Rush, the last date is June 1, 1981 !

The mind is ever the field from which all true culture must spring forth and flow to enrich our life—

Sri Amer N. Melwani
P. O. Box No. 3097, Kuwait

Which man, in his senses, following the path of Dharma would exile such a divine, noble and disciplined son, who is loved by all? The old king has lost all his sense of judgement!"

Then turning to Sri Rama, the grief-stricken and angry Lakshmana exploded: "Before anybody comes to know of the king's foolish decisions, please be installed as king, with my help. I shall fight and destroy entire Ayodhya, if necessary and defend you if there is any opposition. Your goodness is mistaken for weakness!"

Listening to Kaikeyi's words, if our father turns out to be our enemy, he should be imprisoned or even done away with. Even if it is one's own father or teacher and they follow the path of Adharma, they deserve to be corrected by force.

On what basis is he installing Bharatha as King when the kingdom rightfully belongs to you?"

At this point, Lakshmana again turned suddenly towards Mother Kausalya and assured her thus: "Oh Mother! I declare on oath that I love my brother from the bottom of my heart. If Sri Rama decides to enter the fire or return to the forest, I will go ahead of him. I shall relieve your sorrow. You shall watch my bravery. I will not hesitate even to kill my wretched and old father, who is attached to Kaikeyi!"

Encouraged by Lakshmana's support, the weeping mother addressed the calm Rama thus: "My son, did you hear the words of your brother? You should not leave Ayodhya merely by listening to the unjust commands of your step-mother, leaving your grief stricken mother!"

However, if you, who is a knower of Dharma wish to do what is right at this moment, then serve me by remaining here. If the father's words are to be respected by you, Mother deserves to be respected first मातृ देवो भव (Mother is to be regarded as God).

Hence I refuse to give you permission to leave for the forest. I will have no happiness without you. With you in the forest I shall even eat grass and be happy. If you still insist on going to the forest, Rama, I shall fast into death!"

Sri Rama, the embodiment of Dharma calmly replied: "I have no strength or courage to disobey the commands of my father and hence I wished to proceed to the forest. With my head bent low, I seek your blessings."

In support of his decision, Sri Rama quoted several past examples of sons obeying the father's commands, which appeared to be seemingly unjust.

There are two aspects of Dharma सामान्य धर्म (ordinary) and विशेष धर्म (special/exceptional). If any situation demands the performance of विशेष धर्म then सामान्य धर्म has to be ignored. Normally, respect and obedience for mother, father, teacher मातृदेवो भव etc., are सामान्य धर्म which relates to personal relationships. If, however, there is an occasion, where larger principles are involved affecting the Nation, say like the present case of honouring the promise of the king in fulfilling the boons to Kaikeyi, विशेष धर्म prevails. In such cases, obedience to Mother becomes secondary.

Here, it is not a mere father/son, mother/son relationship, but the keeping up of the Ikshvaku King's pledge to his queen. Hence it is विशेष धर्म which Sri Rama, as an embodiment of Dharma followed without any hesitation.

To be Continued.

FIND THE WORD !

By A. S. Narayanan

Jumbled up are five words. Can you find them?

- (1) WLOPLI (2) IELTT (3) TAFERH
(4) RSIESE (5) CEKEH.

THE ASHES SERIES

By Sanjay Hiranandani
(11 years)

Dennis Lillee comes in to bowl,
The Sydney drums begin to roll,
Lillee, Lillee, Lillee.....
Lillee comes in and bowls to Willey.
Willey plays it back and over to Jack.
Thank you Spike
For the mike.

That's the end of Lillee's over,
Thomson will bowl to David Gover.
Thomson bowls and Gover cuts,
That shot needed a lot of guts.
The crowd is beginning to roar
Because that one's going to be a four.
Thomson must be really hot,
Thomson bowled and Gover caught !
This is really exciting cricket,
As England lost her fourth wicket.
Thomson will bowl his third ball
To Ian Botham who's six feet tall.
Thomson bowls an attempted Yorker.
That one should have been a little shorter.

Rod Marsh is keeping like Willey Grout
Thomson bowls and Botham's out!
So with five wickets gone,
The English team looks tattered and torn.
Randall walking in to face,
Thomson at his full pace.
Thomson comes running in,
Can't hear myself above the din.
Thomson bowls a short-pitched bouncer
Randall goes ahead to hook
That was so good that you couldn't look.
As the ball crosses the boundary line,
England's score moves up to 109.
Thomson bowls his last ball
To batsman Derrick Randall.
Randall lets that one go by,
Because it was a bit too high.

Now Lillee will bowl again,
Starts running in like a train.
Lillee comes in and bowls to Willey,
Willey tries to stick it around,
But Chapell fields it in one huge bound.
There is only one thing I have to say,
That is the end of the play.
With England on a hundred and nine,
And Willey getting along fine
The players return to the pavillion
To. A. B. C., we say thanks a million.

ANSWERS TO BRAIN TEASERS

1

10	12	2
0	8	16
14	4	6

2

11	1	15
13	9	5
3	17	7

What's New?

By Lalitha and Maya Malani

Bombayites will have to get used to the sight of a mechanical sweeper cleaning the streets. The Bombay Municipal Corporation has placed orders for two such sweepers which can clear a stretch of eight kms per hour.

...



A bicycle which is fully powered by solar (from the sun) energy has been invented by Sri Lankan scientists. It can move at a speed of 56 kms. per hour.

...

Four special stamps on the flowering trees of India have been released by the Post and Telegraphs department.

...

An 80 kg. tortoise was caught accidentally by a fisherman in the sea off Elephanta Caves on Ganesh Chaturthi day (September 2).

...

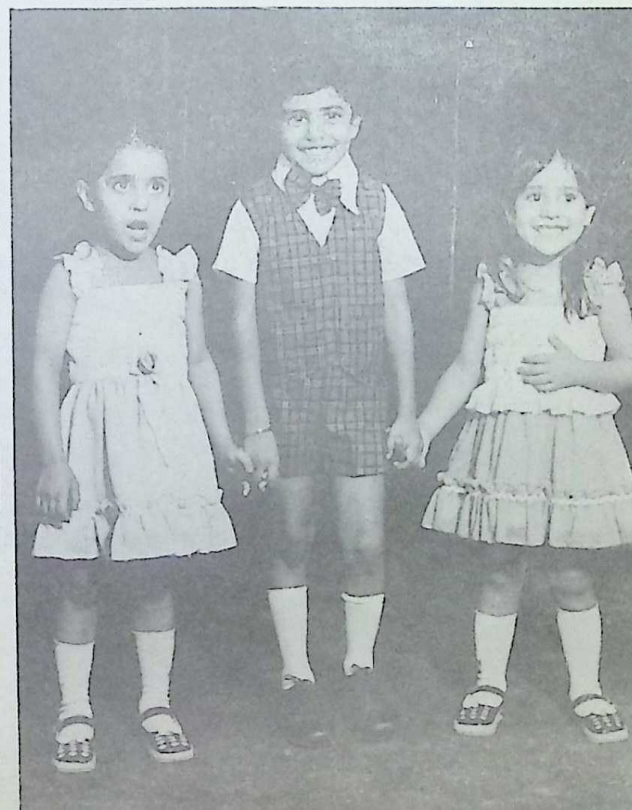
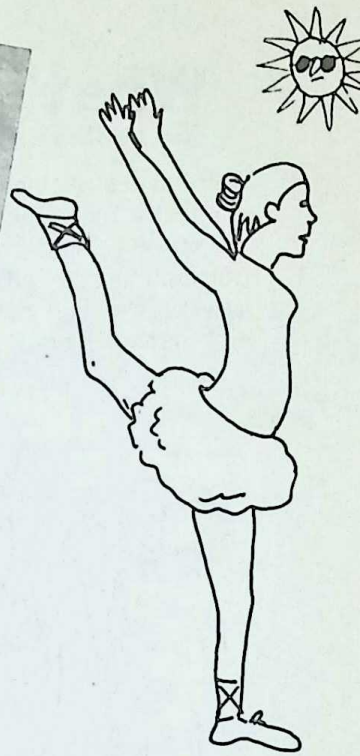
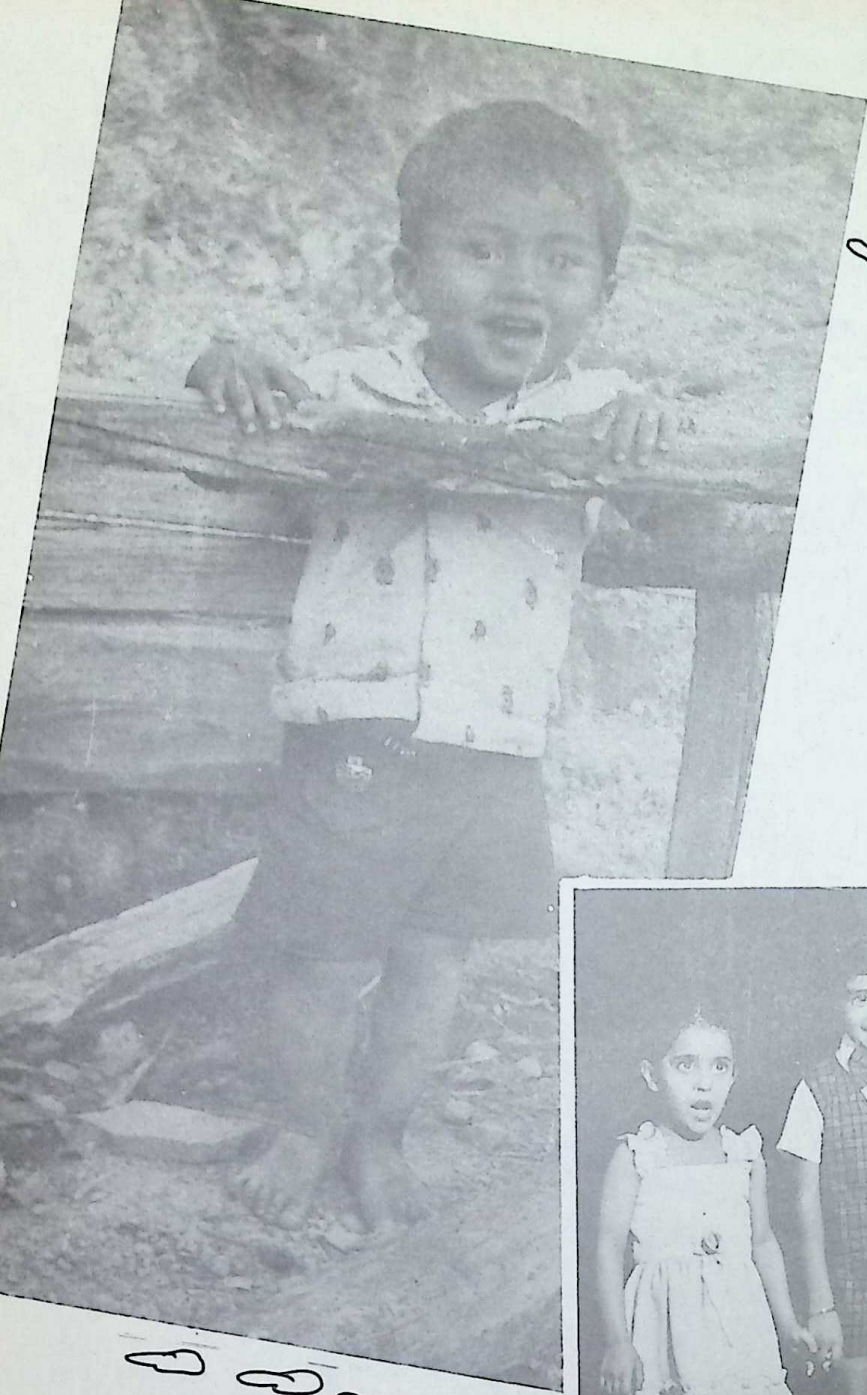


The world's fastest barber is Gerry Harley who shaved 845 British beards in an hour. He shaved 16 people in a minute. However he admitted that the first hundred were soldiers from Nepal who had lighter growths than the others.

...



A pair of twin brothers who met after 38 years were not only identical but turned up in exactly the same clothes and had the same hair style. They met with the help of and at a television station which was working on a special programme about separated twins.



What's New?

By Lalita and Maya Malani

Cy, a parrot which belongs to Mr. Hartman, the U.S. ambassador to Moscow, can talk several languages. The green foot-tall parrot bought in Paris, whistles eight bars of the French national anthem and says "Khorosho" which means "Good" in Russian. It is being taught the Internationale, the song of the Soviet working class.



The longest animal horn measures 81 1/4 inches on the outside curve. It is found on a type of domestic Ankole cattle near Lake Ngami, Botswana.

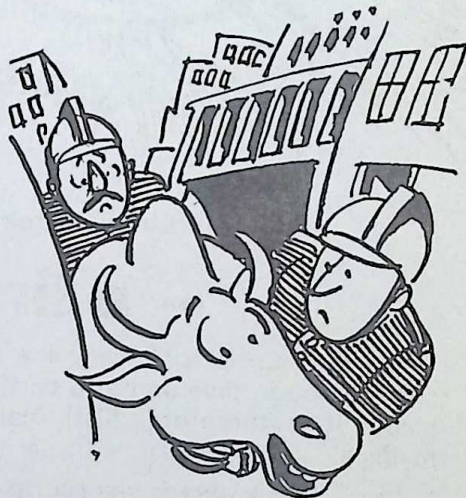
Fifty kilos of fresh potato chips can be made in a little over three hours in a solar dehydrator developed at the Central Potato Research Institute at Simla. Otherwise it takes seven hours to dry them in the open. Besides, these chips are amber in colour and free from dust while the chips dried in the open sun turn greyish and carry dust.

A 58 year old deaf man can hear for the first time in 38 years after a successful operation done by Japanese doctors in which an "electronic ear" was placed in his ear !

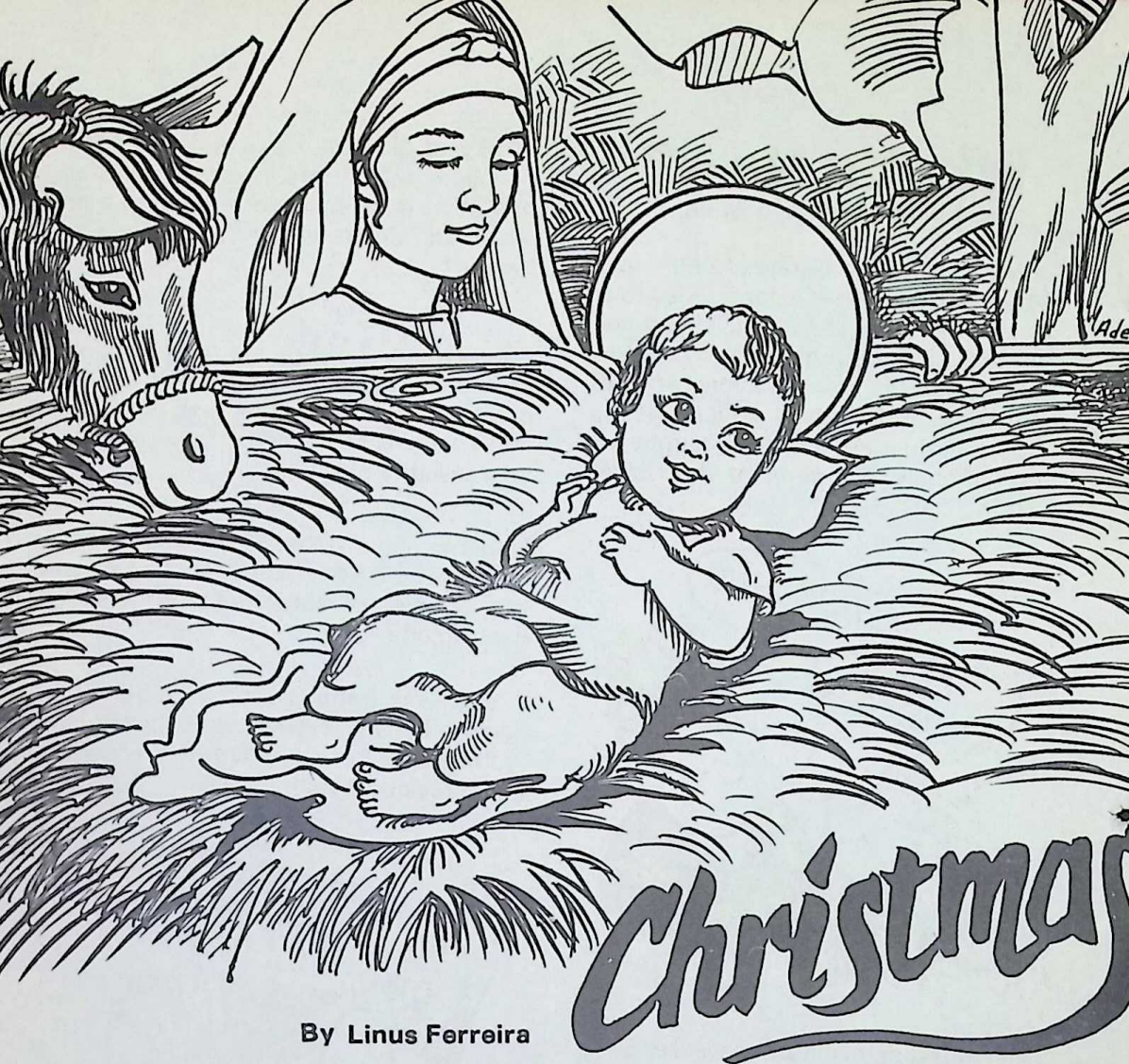
A new method of fighting fire has been developed by Soviet scientists. Liquid carbon dioxide kept under high pressure at 40 degrees centigrade in a special tank is released to put it out.

Icebergs may explode if there is a flow of heat. This is because they contain many tiny bubbles of compressed air which can explode.

A cow was trapped for six hours in a narrow by-lane between two buildings in Khetwadi. Bombay's firemen rescued it by breaking a wall.



Four multicoloured stamps of butterflies were issued by the Posts and Telegraphs department towards the end of October.



By Linus Ferreira

— a time of and for giving

The birth of Christ took place at a particular period in time and at a particular place. It is therefore, historical not mythical.

In those days a decree went forth from the Roman Emperor Caesar Augustus, commanding that all the people of his Empire be enrolled. Each one had to give in his name in the tribe and city to which he belonged. So Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem, the city of David, because they belonged to the family of that King.

But the city being crowded with strangers who had come for enrollment, they could not obtain lodging in any of the inns, and were forced to seek shelter in a stable outside the city. And it came to pass that when they were there, Mary brought forth her first born son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger.

There were, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem, shepherds keeping a watch over their flock. An angel appeared to

them and said: "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. The Shepherds went and adored the child. After eight days the child was called Jesus.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, there came three wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews for we have seen His star in the East, and we have come to adore Him." Herod, the king, on hearing this, was troubled, and so was all Jerusalem. And having assembled all the chief priests and scribes and the old people, he inquired of them where the promised Messiah (Jesus) should be born. They said to him: "In Bethlehem, of Juda, for so it is written by the prophet". Then Herod privately questioned the three Magi as to the exact time when the star appeared to them. The Magi set out for Bethlehem, and no sooner had they left the palace of King Herod then the star, which they had not seen since their entrance into Jerusalem, again appeared in the heavens, and, following its guidance, they came to the place where the divine infant (JESUS) was, with Mary and Joseph. They adored the child and opening their treasures offered HIM gifts — Gold, Frankincense (a sweet resinous substance) and Myrrh (a costly eastern drug used in embalming the dead).

God so loved the world that He gave His son to mankind.

Christmas is essentially a time of giving. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you?

To ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world? To put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground? To see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy? To own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life? To close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness? If you are willing to do these things, even for a day, then you can understand the true significance of Christmas.

We must give our precious time and even money to those who are in need, bring peace to a troubled heart. Two thousand years ago He brought peace to this troubled world. Don't let Christmas pass without making your enemy your friend. Don't keep hatred in your heart. Let Him who was born on Christmas Day make you a channel of HIS peace, so that where there is hatred, you can bring His love; where there is injury, pardon; where doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is sadness, joy. Remember, not seek to be consoled, but to console; to understand, rather than to be understood; to love rather than to be loved.

The true spirit of Christmas lies in giving rather than in receiving, in giving we will receive, by pardoning we are pardoned, and by dying we are born to eternal life. If we do this THE PEACE AND HAPPINESS OF CHRISTMAS WILL BE OURS TODAY AND EVERYDAY THROUGHOUT THE COMING NEW YEAR.

FUN PAGE

Fun With Numbers

By C. Lalitha Murthy

1. Arrange the number 8 so that 8 times this number when counted should make 1000.
2. What are the three numbers which when added are equal to the same when multiplied?
3. What is the digit when we multiply it with any number we get the same product?

ANSWERS:
 1. 888 2. 1, 2, 3, 3. Zero
 $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$
 $1 \times 2 \times 3 = 6$



Who Invented?

1. Who invented the telescope?
2. Who invented the telephone?
3. Who invented the bi-focal glasses?
4. Who invented the first watch?
5. Who invented the radio?
6. Who invented the T.V. Tube?
7. Who invented the steam engine?
8. Who invented the pneumatic tyre?
9. Who invented the printing and writing system for the blind?

10. Who invented the sewing machine?
11. Who invented the revolver?
12. Who invented the wireless telegraphy?
13. Who invented the short-hand system?
14. Who invented the locomotive engine?

(Contributed by Nayan K. Mehta)

ANSWER:
 1. Galilio 2. Graham Bell 3. Benjamin Franklin 4. Peter Hale 5. Black Vint 6. John L. Bear 7. James Watt 8. John B. Dunlop 9. Braillo French 10. Hone Elias 11. Colonel Samuel 12. Marconi 13. Isaac Pitman 14. George Stephenson

Jumble

Here are nine jumbled words. Can you find them?

1. DAHELN
2. NTOIMEN
3. NESIRVEU
4. NOTIASNMU
5. CSEPLIE
6. ATRATONIGIV
7. ERJITUP
8. SWOHAINTGN
9. PNTENUE

(Contributed by T.M.K. Rao)

ANSWER:
 1. HANDLE 2. MENTION 3. UNIVERSE 4. MOUNTAINS 5. ECLIPSE 6. GRAVITATION 7. JUPITER 8. WASHINGTON 9. NEPTUNE





The Jealous Courtiers

By Eunice de Souza

What Akbar loved best was to listen to Birbal talk. Birbal could talk about anything. He could talk about the movements of the stars and the way things grew. He could tell wonderful stories of faraway lands. If Akbar asked his courtiers a question, Birbal was always the first to know the answer.

The courtiers felt jealous of Birbal. "Why does the King always go to Birbal for help?" they complained to one another. "Does he think we are too stupid to help him?"

"Let us ask him," said one of them.

Before Birbal arrived at the court one day, they went to Akbar and said, "Sir, why do you always go to Birbal for help? Do you think we cannot help you?"

"I will show you why I always go to Birbal for help," said Akbar, for he saw Birbal approaching in the distance.

When Birbal entered and had greeted the King, Akbar addressed the court. "Tell me," he said, "how many crows are there in Delhi?"

The courtiers did not know what to say. They had never thought about the

number of crows in Delhi before.

"I do not know," said one.

"I do not know," said another.

"Birbal," said Akbar, "how many crows are there in Delhi?"

"Fifty thousand, seven hundred and thirty-two," said Birbal at once.

Everyone was amazed: They did not know how Birbal could possibly know how many crows there were in Delhi.

"How do you know you are correct?" said one. "There may be more crows than you say."

"True," said Birbal. "There may well be

more than I say. Many crows have come from other cities to visit their relatives in Delhi. I have not counted them, for they will soon go away again."

"But there may be fewer than you say," said the man again, for he did not want to give in so easily.

"True," said Birbal again. "Many of our crows have gone to other cities to visit their relatives and friends. I have not counted them either."

"You see," said Akbar triumphantly. "Birbal has an answer to everything."

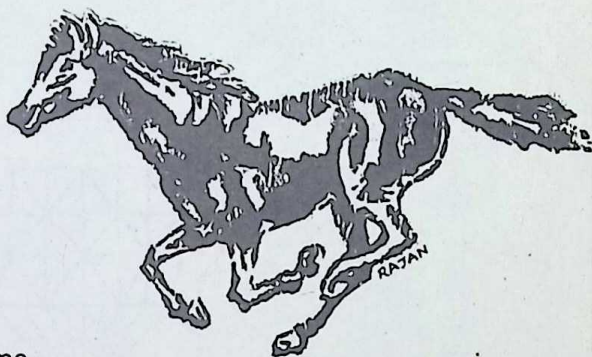
(Courtesy: IBH Publishing Company)

The Fast Fat Horse

By Chandru

There was a country Angatha by name. For a long time there was no rain in that country. It was hit by the worst drought. Trees and plants did not get enough water to sustain their life and therefore got dried up. Without sufficient food to eat all animals became weak and sick. Even the horses in the King's "Royal Stable" suffered.

But the horse which belonged to Chikku ran fast and was very fat. All wanted to know the reason. "How could Chikku's horse run fast and remain fat, when even the King's horses were thin and weak?" the people asked each other. But when people approached Chikku for an explanation, he would only say: "I won't tell the

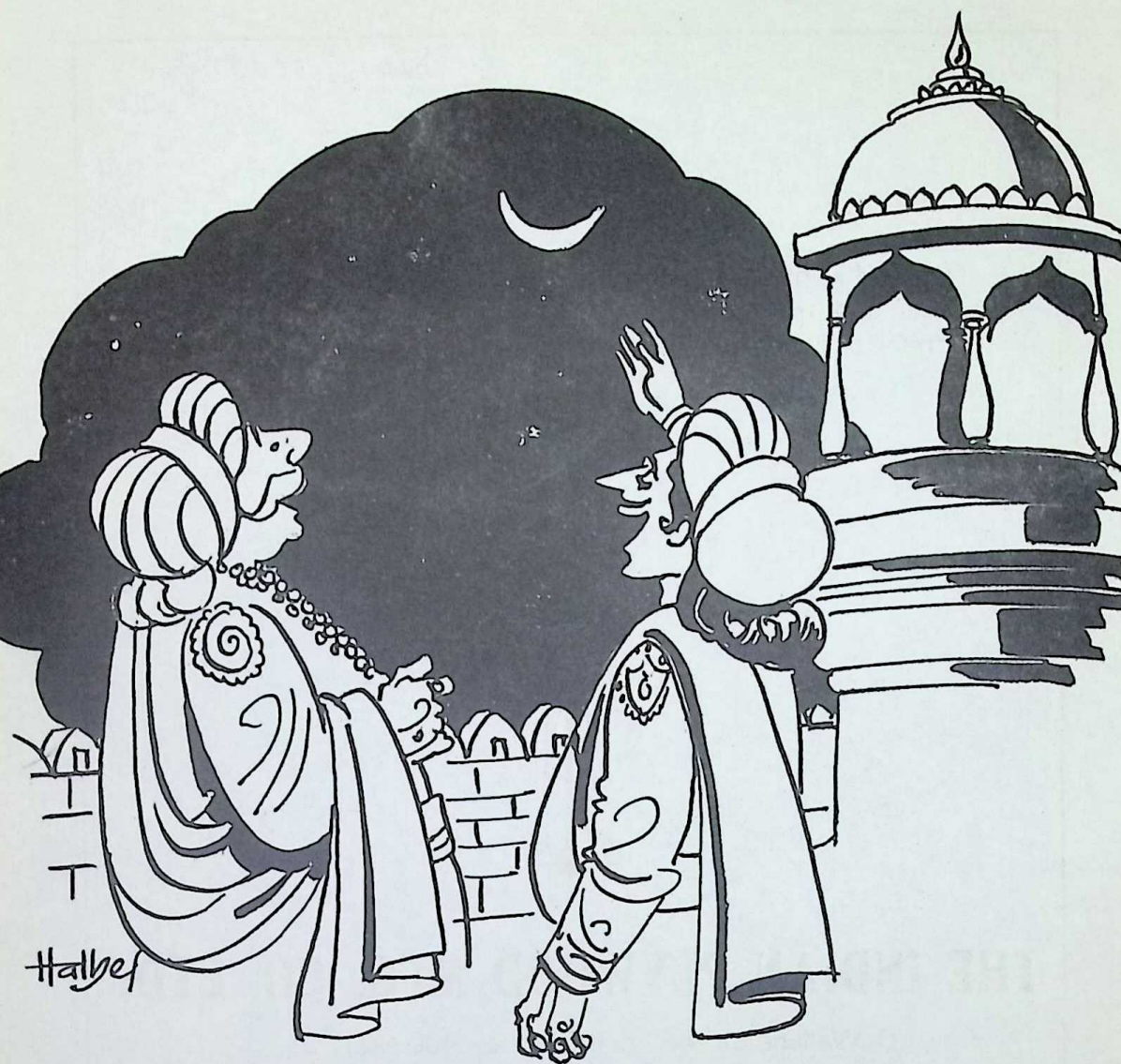


secret to you. This secret I can share only with the King. If he asks me, I shall tell."

The word got around. When the king heard about it, he called Chikku to the palace.

When the King asked him his secret, Chikku said: "O, beloved King! There is nothing extraordinary. I have two green glasses. I keep these on the eyes of my horse when he is eating. So that he thinks even the dried grass is green — and eats it with relish. He is therefore fat and fast."

The King complimented Chikku for having used his intelligence and gave him a handsome reward.



Birbal and the King of Persia

By Eunice de Souza

When Akbar was born, his father, mother and a few faithful friends were fleeing to

Persia to escape their enemies. To celebrate Akbar's birth, Humayun gave each of his friends a small piece of musk. "I hope that the fame of my son will fill the world, as this musk perfumes the air," he said. "I will call him Akbar, which means Very Great, for I hope he will become a very great King."

Akbar did become a very great king, for he was an unusual man. He could ride and swim, use the bow and arrow, the spear and the sword. Like other kings, he fought battles and conquered new lands. But he also loved painting, music and poetry and the men who could create them.

His fame spread far and wide. The King of Persia heard many stories from learned travellers and merchants about the great Mughal kingdom. But he wondered how many of them were true. So he sent a messenger to Akbar asking him to send one of his ministers to him. "I would like to learn all about your kingdom," he said, Akbar was pleased and decided that Birbal was the right man to go.

Birbal was given a grand welcome; the feasting and music continued for days. Then the King of Persia said to Birbal "You have travelled far and wide. What can you say about me in comparison with other kings?"

Birbal replied without hesitation: "Your Majesty, you are like the full moon. The others are merely glow-worms."

"And in comparison with Akbar?" continued the King of Persia.

Birbal promptly replied, "The Emperor Akbar is like a crescent moon."

News of Birbal's beautiful compliment to the King of Persia soon reached India and Akbar was angry. When Birbal returned he did not even care to look at the gifts which had been sent to him by the King of Persia. Instead he questioned Birbal accusingly: "What do you mean by comparing the King of Persia to the full moon and me to only a crescent? You have insulted and betrayed me." Birbal knew it was no use telling Akbar that, as a guest of the King of Persia, he

had to compliment him in that way. Akbar was so angry that he would not listen to reason. But Birbal's ready wit saved him again.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I did not mean to insult you. The full moon wanes day by day, but the crescent grows larger. Your fame increases every day, and in comparison, that of the King of Persia grows less."

Akbar was pleased to hear this answer and rewarded Birbal well.

(Courtesy: IBH Publishing Company)

RIDDLES

By Chandru

1. He comes without telling and cries a lot. He goes without telling, who is he?

ANSWER: Rain.

2. A lion swallowed a child. Still he is alive. How?

dream.

ANSWER: He swallowed him only in

3. $2+2=4$. Some time we get answers more than four. When will it be?

ANSWER: When you calculate wrongly!

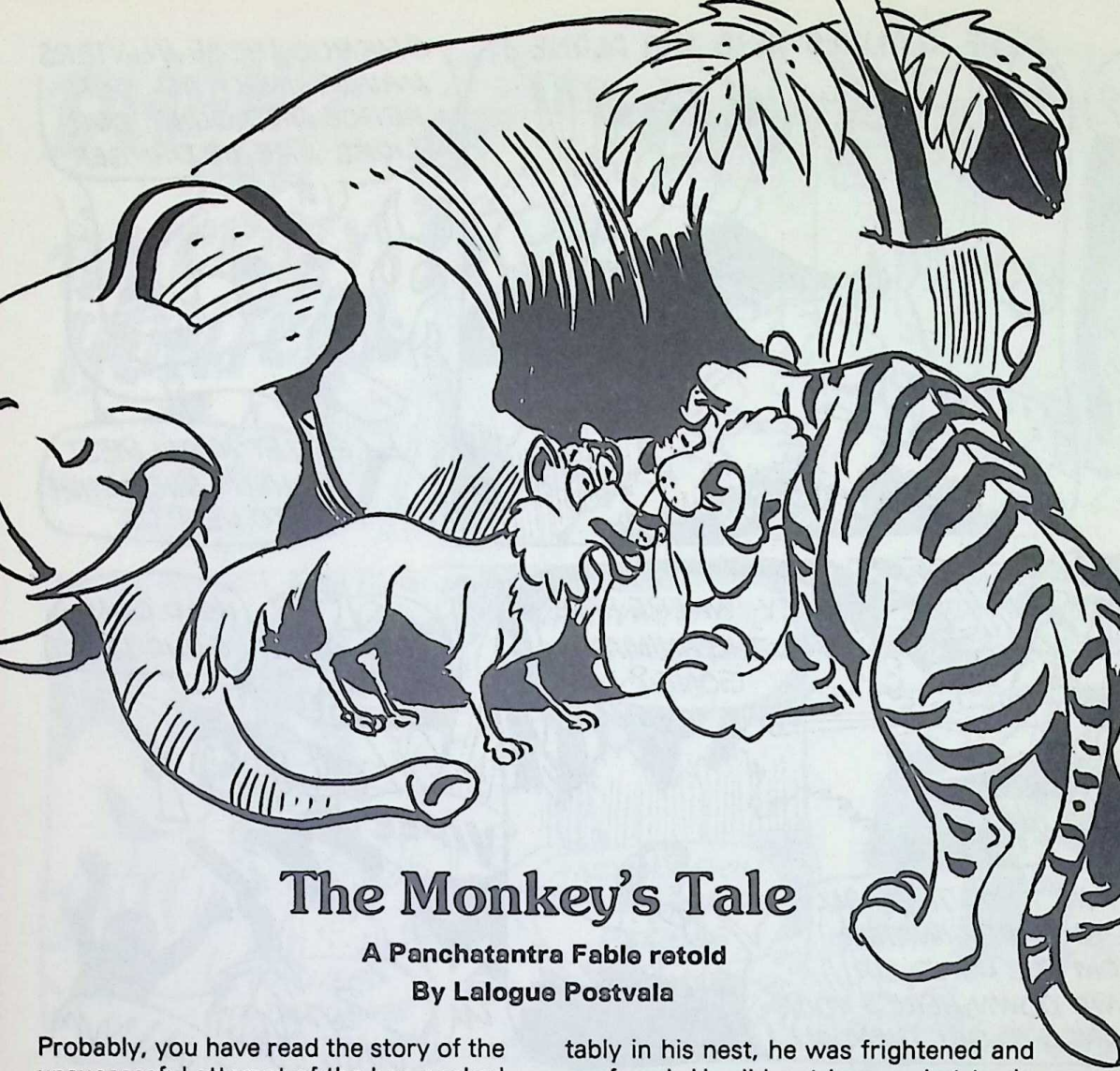
4. Which is that place where we cannot dump the thing for future use.

ANSWER: Stomach

5. Can you throw a stone without hitting anybody.

is no one.

ANSWER: In the direction where there



The Monkey's Tale

A Panchatantra Fable retold

By Lalogue Postvala

Probably, you have read the story of the unsuccessful attempt of the hen-pecked crocodile to get a monkey's heart for his mate, (Balvihar July 80 issue). Do you know what happened after that?

The monkey led a happy life in the rose-apple tree, but on the shore the crocodile came to much grief. It so happened that once when he was away from his house, his wife died of starvation and the empty nest was illegally occupied by another member of his tribe.

On his return, when the crocodile saw this huge water creature resting comfor-

tably in his nest, he was frightened and confused. He did not know what to do — to attack this intruder or to accept the unhappy situation. He then remembered his clever friend monkey. He speedily swam to the rose-apple tree. "Monkey, monkey," he cried aloud "Please help me. I'm in great trouble."

Swinging by his tail from a branch of the tree, the monkey looked down scornfully and turned away his face. "Oh my friend, I know I did wrong, but please remember our old friendship and give me advice," pleaded the crocodile.

"I'll do no such thing," said the monkey, "You took your wife's advice and carried me out to sea to drown me and pluck out my heart."

"I'm truly sorry, but she is dead now and my house is taken over by a big crocodile monster. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The monkey felt sorry. After some hesitation, he gave serious thought to the problem. Finally he said, "Well crock, you must fight out your equal. As the saying goes :

"Sway patrons with obeisances;
In heroes raise a doubt;
Fling petty bribes to flunkies;
With equals fight it out."

To convince the crocodile of the wise maxim, the monkey related a jungle incident. Would you like to hear it?

Well the story begins when a jackal, named Supersmart, finds a dead elephant in the forest. The elephant having died of old age, there were no wounds on him. Supersmart was overjoyed, but he could not cut through the tough hide of the elephant. His teeth were sharp but the jaw was small.

As he was wondering what to do, a lion came to the spot. Supersmart spying him, slavishly rubbed his head in the dust and said, "My Lord and King of the Jungle, I'm just a guardian of this dead elephant for you. May the mighty King deign to feast on this dead beast."

The lion puffed out his chest and replied, "My good fellow, I'm very pleased with your humility and obedience. But I do not eat what another has killed. I bestow this animal upon you."

"Oh just Lord, you're kind to your servants," cried the jackal, grovelling still

further in the dust. When the lion had gone, a tiger arrived. The jackal thought, "Well I've sent off one pest by doing obeisance, how shall I deal with this one? This is a magnificent animal — a true hero. Such a one can only be handled by raising suspicion and doubt."

Having planned his line of attack, he advanced towards the tiger. Slightly stiffening his neck, he cried in an agitated voice, "Dear Uncle, you've unknowingly given yourself up to Lord Shiva. This elephant was killed by the lion. He has appointed me as his guardian and has gone to bathe in the river. Before leaving he also ordered me to call him immediately I spied a tiger coming this way."

Supersmart then added, "He's very angry with your race, my Uncle. He wants to kill all tigers."

The tiger was surprised. He had not heard any such rumour in the jungle. He enquired the reason for the wrath. "You see," said the Jackal, "Sometime ago when the lion had killed an elephant, a tiger helped himself to all the juicy chunks of flesh, when the lion's back was turned. Only the skin and bones were left for the lion. Since then the angry lion has vowed death to all tigers."

On hearing this, the tiger was terrified. He begged the jackal not to disclose his whereabouts to the lion and quickly departed.

Next came the leopard. The cunning jackal thought, "Here comes the spot. He has sharp teeth and a big mouth. I'll use him to cut into the thick hide."

With this in mind, he patted the leopard on the shoulder and said, "Dear Nephew, where have you been all this time? You've lost a lot of weight and have developed a famished look. Come be my guest today.

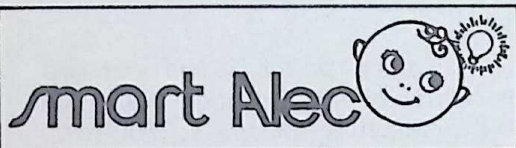
Here's a dead elephant killed by a lion. The King of the jungle has appointed me as his guardian. But you can have a square meal from one side provided you run before the lion gets back."

The leopard though tempted was frightened to tamper with the royal meal. He declined the offer. Supersmart however calmed his fears. He assured the leopard that he would warn him in good time. The leopard reluctant to give up this tempting offer, fell into the trap. He opened wide his jaws and bit into the thick skin. As soon as Supersmart saw a big gash in the hide, he shouted, "Quick, quick, here comes the lion." Hearing this

the leopard leaped into the bushes and vanished.

Elated with the success of his strategy, Supersmart sat down on his haunches to eat. While he was feasting, another jackal came on the scene and claimed a share of the meat. The newcomer being a member of his own tribe and his equal, Supersmart was able to gauge his prowess. He bared his fangs and attacked. The other jackal ran away.

"Well," said the monkey to the crocodile, "Take a lesson from this. When his fellow-member ran away, the jackal finished his meal in peace. So you too go and fight your equal and live happily in your nest."



Two boys America and Intelligent were asked to remain absent from school the next day because of inspection. Yet they came. America hid himself in the bathroom, while the other under the desk. The inspector asked "Who is intelligent in the class?" "I am Intelligent!" said Intelligent getting up from under the desk. "Where is America?" he asked showing him a world map.

America is in the bathroom", replied Intelligent.

(Contributed by Dhanesh Metrani)

Ramu and Sekhar are friends. In the class, Ramu scores more marks than Sekhar, so he considers himself to be very intelligent and shows off. Sekhar decided to fool Ramu.

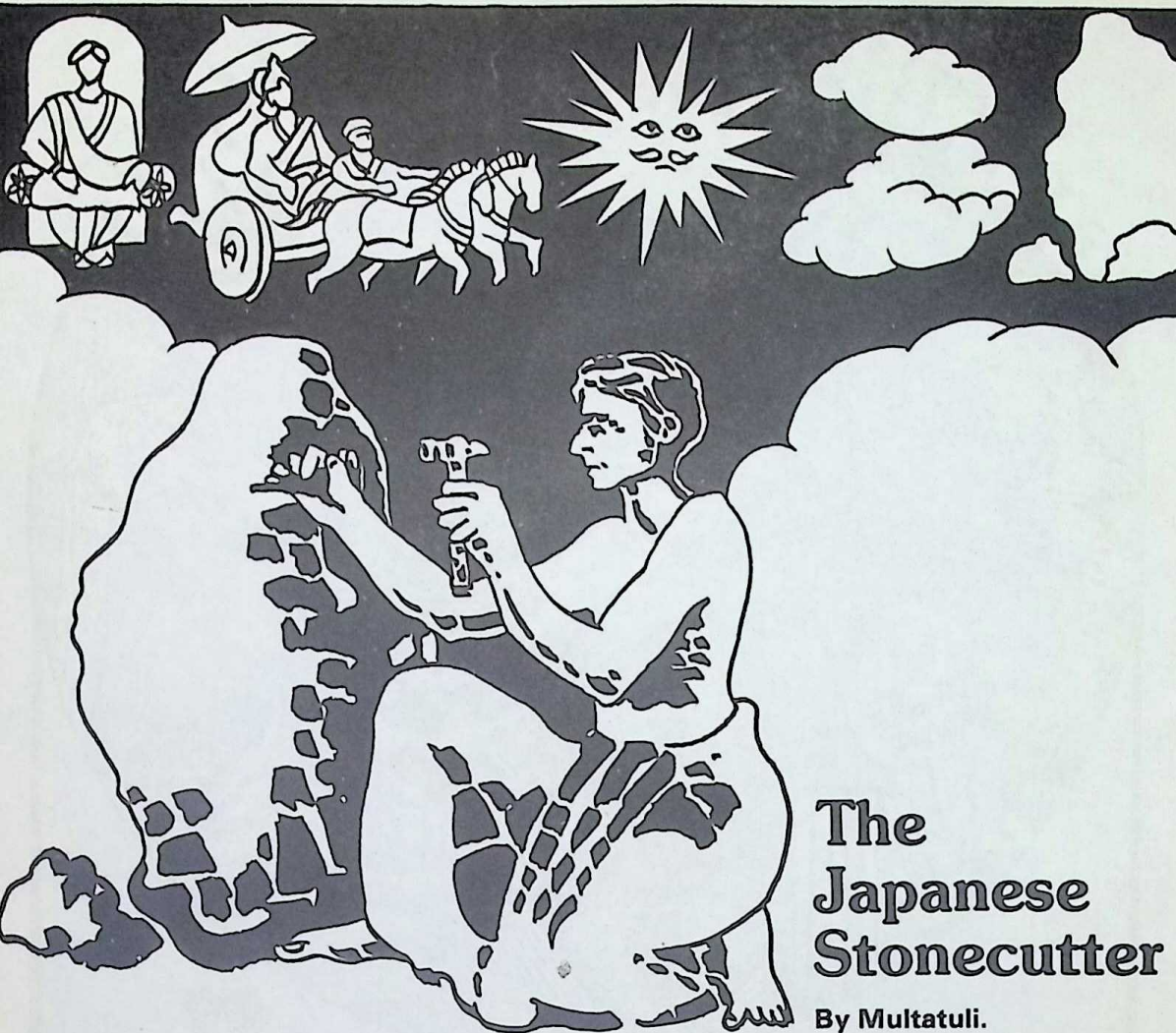
Sekhar: Consider yourself an engine driver. In the train, there are 16 doors and 60 windows. The train moves at 30 miles per hour. If so, what is the age of the engine driver?

ANSWER : Ramu's age!

Doctor gives you three tablets and asks you to take one after every half an hour. How much time will it take to finish all the three tablets?

ANSWER : One hour only.





The Japanese Stonecutter

By Multatuli.

There was once a man who hewed stone from rocks. His labour was very hard, and he laboured much, but his wages were small and he was not content.

He sighed because his work was hard, and he cried: "Oh, I wish I were rich so I could rest on a couch with a cover of silk."

And an angel came from heaven, saying: "You are what you have said."

And he was rich. And he did rest on a couch, with a cover of silk.

And the king of the land went by, with horsemen in front of his carriage. And behind the carriage, there were also horsemen and a golden parasol was held over the head of the king.

And when the rich man saw this, he was vexed that no golden parasol was held over his own head. And again he was

not content. He sighed and cried : "I wish I were a king."

And an angel came from heaven, saying : "You are what you have said."

And he was king. And many horsemen rode in front of his carriage,

And the sun shone. Hot rays scorched the earth so that the grass shoots withered

And the king complained that the sun burnt his face and that it was more powerful than him. And he was not happy.

He sighed and cried : "I wish I were the sun.

And an angel came from heaven, saying : "You are what you have said."

And he was the sun. And he directed his rays upward and down, to the right and to the left, everywhere. And scorched the grass shoots on earth and faces of kings who were on earth.

And a cloud placed itself between him and the earth, and the rays of the sun bounced back from it.

And he grew angry that his power was resisted and he complained that the cloud excelled him in power. And he was not content.

He wished to be the cloud which was so powerful.

And an angel came from heaven, saying : "You are what you have said."

And he became a cloud and placed himself between the sun the earth and caught the rays so that the grass grew green.

And the cloud rained large drops on the earth, causing the rivers to swell and floods to carry the herds away.

And he destroyed the fields with much water.

And he fell upon a rock which did not yield. And he splashed in great streams, but the rock did not yield.

And he grew wrathful because the rock would not yield and the power of his stream was in vain. And he was not content.

He cried : "That rock has been given power which excels mine." "I wish to be that rock."

And an angel came from heaven, saying : "you are what you have said."

And he did become a rock and did not move when the sun shone nor when it rained.

And then there came a man with a pick and with a chisel and with a heavy hammer and he hewed stones out of the rock.

And the rock said : "how can it be that this man has power that excels mine and hews stones out of my lap?" And he was not content.

He cried : "I am weaker than he.... I wish to be that man."

And an angel came from heaven, saying : "you are what you have said."

And he was a stone cutter. And he hewed stones from the rock with hard labour and he laboured very hard for small wages. And he was content.

Inside a Dental Clinic :

Patient : Doctor you have pulled out my healthy tooth.

Doctor : Never mind, I won't charge you anything for that.

(Contributed by Rajesh Menon)



CHILDREN'S MISCELLANY

This Cruel Heat

By Tejal Shah
(11 years)

Oh! this cruel heat
It makes us sweat
From head to toe

And when we go out
It makes us pout
Oh! we really do perspire
Feeling as though we've a top a pyre

We really do grumble
And long for thunder to rumble

This terrible heat
To beat it is an impossible feat.

Time

By Sharmila G. Rao
(14 years)

Take time to work
It is the price of success.
Take time to think
It is the source of power
Take time to play
It is the secret of youth
Take time to read
It is the foundation of wisdom
Take time to be friendly
It is the road of happiness
Take time to dream
It is hitching your wagon to a star
Take time to love and be loved
It is the privilege of Gods.

Gold Is Not For The Lazy

By K. Sundeeep
(9 years)

Once upon a time there was a king who lived in a palace on the banks of a river. He was not a happy King because his people were very lazy. Every time he went in his coach, he saw stones and rubbish lying on the road. Every time he sailed in his boat, he found the river very dirty. "Alas, why are my people so lazy?" he mourned. "Why do they not keep the road clean?" He wanted his people to work. One night he took a bag of gold with him, and went to the main road. His Dewan also was with him.

He saw a pit in the middle of the road, and he put the gold in it. Then the King and the Dewan rolled a big stone over the pit.

The next day, a man came along, and drove his cart full of coal round the left side of the stone.



A second man came along and he drove his sheep and goats round the right side of the stone.

Other people also passed by. They were so lazy that they did not push the stone away. So the King called his people there, took off his cloak and said, "Come, remove your coats, Let us push the stone away."

When they rolled the stone away, they saw the gold. They rubbed their eyes with surprise. "Take the gold to my palace." said the King to the Dewan. And turning to his people, said, "You, were too lazy to remove the stone, so I shall keep the gold for myself."

My Life Is Like A Bubble

By P. Venkatesh
(11 yrs.)

My life is like a bubble
Always going astray
Trying to find shelter
Finding a home to stay
My life is like a bubble
Searching for love and care

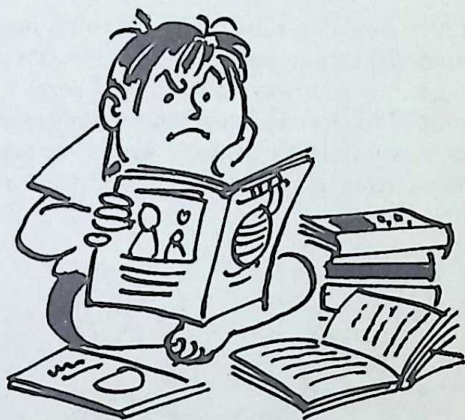
Jumping in and out of trouble
Roaming the streets bare

My life is like a bubble
Trying to discover new things
Peeping into little nooks
Searching for a place to cling

My life is like a bubble
Never lasting very long
As soon as colour-n-substance leaves me
I disappear in the throng.

Study! Study!! Study!!!

By Bajaj Darshan Kumar Rameshlal
(14 yrs.)



Study is horrid, study is bore
It always makes my back sore
Over my books I hate to pour
I'm sick of study to my very core

PHYSICS is just to hard
Mugging formulae like a bard
FRENCH is tough to understand
While HISTORY I just can't stand

But, after all, we're still in school
And have to follow the very strict rules.
To get and gain the maximum knowledge
And a high percentage, to get into college

Cock's Crow In The Morn

By Sanjay Pathak

(12 years)

Cocks Crow in the morn
To tell us to rise
And he who lies late
Will never be wise

For early to bed
And early to rise
Is the way to healthy
Wealthy and Wise.

Work is Worship

By Raksha V. Wagle

Long ago, in a village there lived a brave man. His name was Ram. He was very poor, but he always got up very early and prayed to God. He was honest, sincere and hard-working. He helped everyone as much as possible. He did not smoke or drink and



yet at the end of the day, he got very little money. He had many difficulties yet he did not forget God, and he did not fall into bad company even if he was tempted to.

One day, as he was working by the river, he fell down and was carried away by the current. At that time, the king of the country was hunting nearby. Luckily he saw him and rescued him. The king wished to give him a lot of money but Ram refused. ' ' I do not like charity even though I am poor. I prefer to work', he said. The king was very happy to hear his words.

Within a short time, he was appointed the governor of the island. After some years, the king died and Ram became king of the country as the king had no sons.

Ram tried to do his best for the kingdom. He always helped the poor and the needy. He never forgot God and his village. In a short time, he became famous all over the world for his generosity and justice.

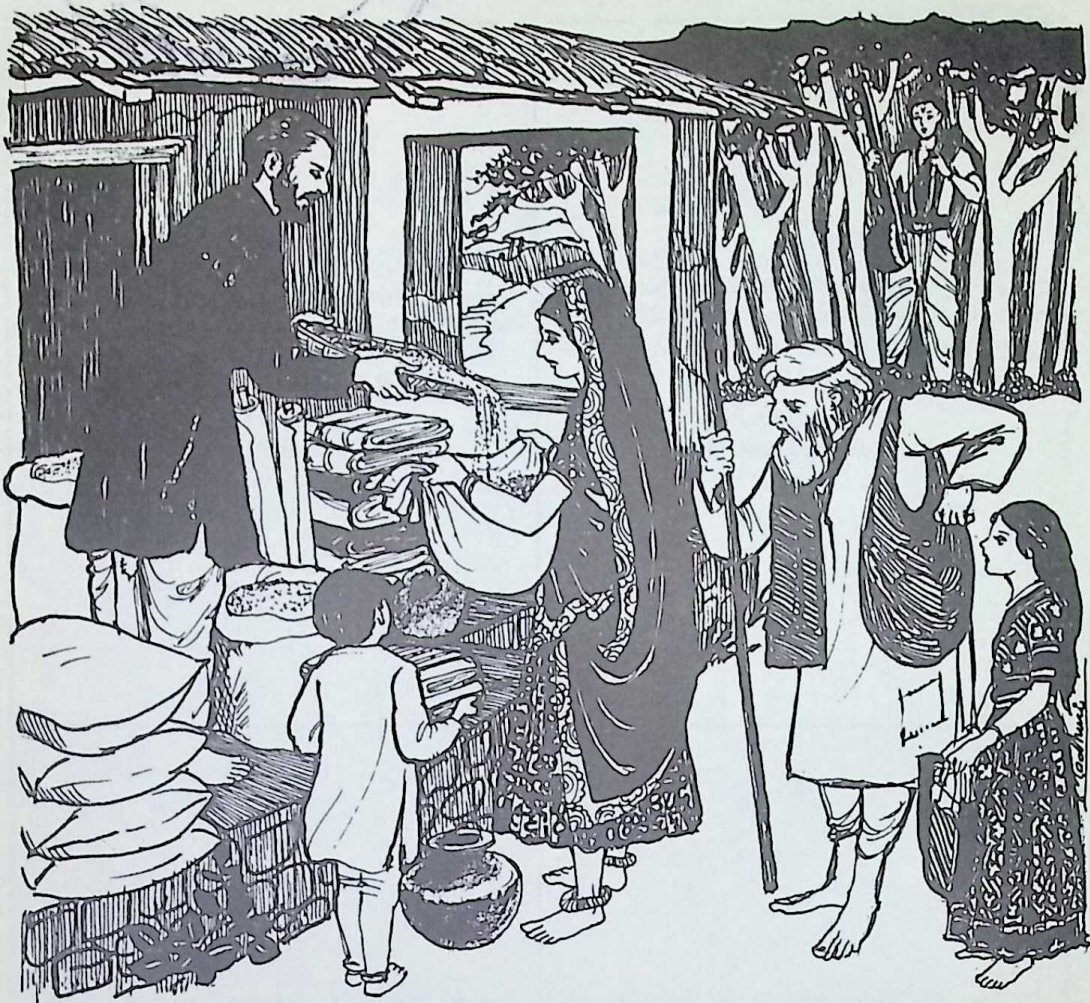
One day, a saint came to meet him. As usual, he was busy. The saint asked him "What are you doing? Are you busy with work?" Ram replied, ' ' Yes, Work is worship. I pray to God in the morning and start my work. Hard work is my real religion".

The saint was pleased. He blessed him and disappeared. Ram was astonished. He realised it must have been God himself in disguise. He knew it to be true because he passed the rest of his days in joy.

The Rainbow

By. G. Chetna (10 yrs.)

You always come on wet days
With beautiful coloured clothes,
But never come to play with me
Oh my pretty little rainbow!
Up in the sky you only play
With little clouds around
Who gave you these shining clothes
Your father, the Sun, or brother, Cloud
Can't you come on the earth for a while
And play with me, dear Rainbow?



A DAY'S FEAST

By Lalita Frazier

There was a devotee, an old man, who was very poor. He barely had enough to eat. He had only tattered clothing for covering his body and a crumbling hut for shelter.

One day the sage Narada happened by and noticed the wretched conditions of

this devotee of the Lord. He was curious to know why the devotee had so little in spite of years of regular and sincere devotion and much service to his community. Narada suggested that perhaps the old man should look more to his own welfare and less to others and thereby improve his economic condition.

The old man, however, told Narada that he was content with whatever little came his way unasked, and that all he really wanted was a little extra food so that he could share it with those even less fortunate. Yet, the old man added, if Narada really wanted to improve his condition then he should take it up with the Lord who is the dispenser of all we have.

So Narada (who did have an easy access to the Lord) did go to speak to God and ask Him why this man had to live in such impoverished conditions, with barely enough to keep him going. The Lord said that this was all due to the old man's 'Prarabdha' (Karma), the result of his past actions. And that this was all that was due to him according to his merits. There was no shortchanging or mistake.

Narada had to return with this news. The devotee (whose devotion had not at all dulled his wits) got a gleam in his eyes and told Narada that things would be better if Narada would do one more favour — go back to the Lord and ask Him to dispense all his due for the rest of his life in ONE DAY. This shocking proposal was grudgingly agreed to and the Lord did, in fact, grant this request. On that very day many pounds of food and several yards of cloth arrived right on the spot. The old man wasted no time in collecting all the eatables. He set to cook a fine meal which he served to all his poverty stricken neighbours. And then he distributed the cloth.

Narada was aghast. There could not be a greater fool than this man, he told himself, for now the old man would surely perish, his entire lifetime of food being spent in this one day's feast. Not wanting to see the sad state that must now surely come to the old man, Narada moved on, not to return to that village until several

years later.

And what surprise! Right in front of him stood the old man, this time obviously well-fed, well-dressed and well-housed, and surrounded by all others who were sharing this good fortune. How could this happen? Could God have been wrong?

Narada did not pause to chat. He hurried straight to the Lord — "What happened? I thought you said he had only a pauper's wealth due to him by his 'Prarabdha'. You gave him his entire life's due, in one day, and that was barely enough to feed the poor of his village one good meal. But now"

"That's right", said the Lord "he did receive his wealth of a lifetime in one day, but my devotees' love for mankind has tricked even his fate, **for as long as he gives away his supply to others, I have to keep filling it up.** And the more he gives away, the more comes to him. He has never lived off that one day's food for himself alone — his fate was that he was to be a poor individual. So as long as he feeds others I must supply, endlessly".

RIDDLES

1. What kind of dog has no tail?
2. What dog keeps the best time?
3. Who always goes to bed with his shoes on?
4. What did the Pig say when a man caught him by the tail?

(Contributed by Pramod Kumar)

1. Hot Dog
2. Watch dog
3. A Horse
4. This is the end of me

ANSWERS:

The Day Hanuman Learnt A Lesson!

By Kamala



From the stories of Ramayana in Balvihar you know that when Sri Ramachandraji returned to Ayodhya, along with Sitadevi and Lakshmana after killing Ravana, the coronation ceremony was performed. The festival was a grand one and went on for many days. For this, the royal family members, the ministers, and the High officials were asked to take charge of various functions. Hanuman was in charge of stores. Being a grand festival, guests had come from all over India. If any body wanted anything he had to approach Hanuman as he was the store-keeper. But he was very strict. Whenever someone came to him and requested him for some store item, Hanuman would

scold him. The poor fellow would walk away quite dejected. This came to the notice of Lakshmana.

One day, Lakshmana called Hanuman and told him that he should go to a certain saint living in a distant place and invite him for the ceremony. The horse would take a week to reach there but only two more days were left for the coronation.

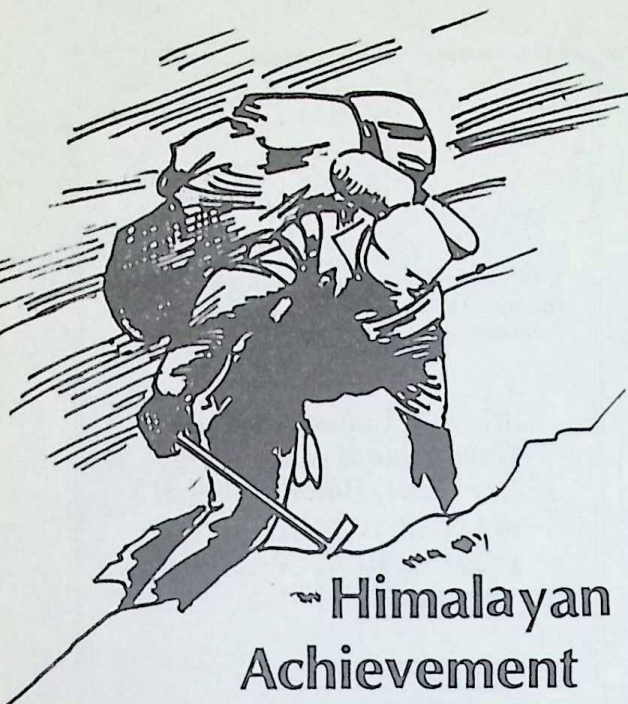
So Hanuman started immediately with the same speed as he went to Lanka. Reaching the place he met the sage, offered the invitation on behalf of Lakshmana. The sage was a man of handsome physique, but his face was like that of a pig. Hanuman was received by the sage nicely. As there was very limited time, he thought that it would be difficult for the sage to reach Ayodhya in time and hence invited him to sit on his shoulders, so that he could take the sage immediately. The sage did not accept this because he did not want to hurt anyone.

He brought a few lotuses and gave them to Hanuman to offer to Sir Ramachandraji.

All this while Hanuman was thinking about the face of the saint. He could not contain himself any longer. So he asked the sage why he had a face of a pig.

With a smile, the saint said: "I was expecting this question from you. It's like this — in my previous birth I used to give gifts and charity in plenty. So I have a beautiful body and I am blessed with the capacity to remember all that had happened in my previous birth. But I used to treat people who came to receive gifts and charity from me with harsh words — so I am born with the face of a pig."

Hanuman now understood why Lakshmana had sent him to this sage.



GREAT MEN GREAT LIVES

By Gurudutt R. Kamath.



Tensing was born in a poor family in a little-known village in Nepal. By sheer hard work, spirit of adventure and ambition he rose to such great heights. Who knows, someday, you too may achieve such Himalayan success — perhaps, in some other field.

Tensing Norgay was born in Nepal and was brought up in a small village called Thamey in the year 1914. The family was not a rich one and whatever little they had, Tensing had to share with his thirteen brothers and sisters. As there was no school in the village, he was sent to a monastery (a place where monks live). Unfortunately, little Tensing had some problem with his teacher. For a minor fault he was hit on the head with a cane. This hurt the young boy and he immediately left the monastery and walked his way back to his village.

Tensing was adventurous from the very

beginning. He loved to roam in the forests, hills and to see new places. Thus he reached Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal. Now he desired to climb bigger mountains. He came into contact with Sherpas. Sherpa porters are very famous for mountain expeditions. In addition to their capacity of carrying huge loads on mountain terrains, they know the mountain paths and climate so well that they prove to be excellent guides. It would not be wrong to say that almost all expeditions to Mount Everest had Sherpa guides.

Climbing Mount Everest is not an easy task. It is the highest peak in the World

and is 8,848 metres in height. Have you ever walked 8.8 kms at a stretch? Well, Everest is that high in height.

Many people have died in their attempt to conquer this peak. In the Himalayas there are strong snow storms, blizzards, avalanches. The snow and ice is very slippery and very difficult to climb. Moreover at that height breathing becomes painful, as the air is very thin there. Oxygen tanks have to be carried to overcome this difficulty. Tensing learned all this from his Sherpa colleagues (persons working with him). They had been members of earlier attempts on Mount Everest. Slowly he learned all there is to know about mountain climbing. Tensing was very cooperative and a hard worker and he was liked by his team-mates. On one of his many expeditions, the Swiss (from Switzerland) team discovered a special quality in Tensing. While they got tired quickly at those great heights and frequently stopped for rest, Tensing was always very comfortable. Thus they called him "three-lung-man".

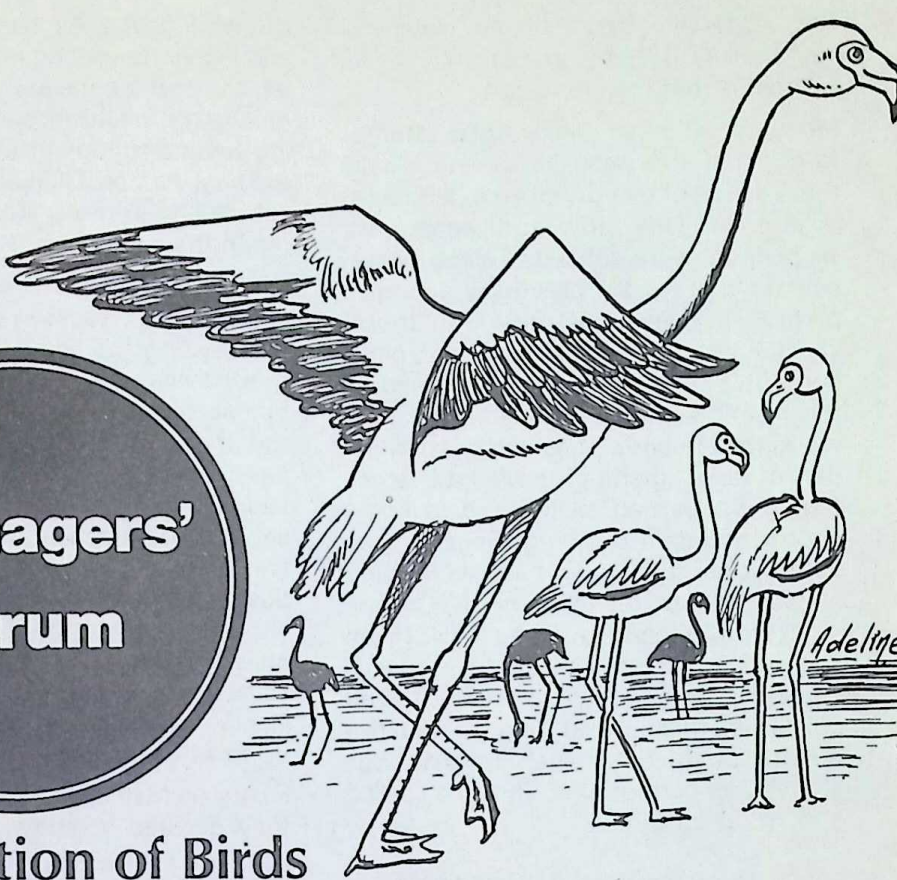
Before Tensing made the last and successful climb of Mount Everest, he had made six earlier attempts. In 1953, Colonel John Hunt and his team wanted to make an assault on the highest peak. Tensing joined him and began to prepare in all earnest. Every morning he took long walks and climbed hills. He would take haversack full of stones on his way back. This was good training because mountaineers have to carry huge loads of food, clothing, equipment, themselves.

The dangerous mission began somewhere that March. Tensing was the leader of the Sherpas. On the way to the top many base camps were established. In these camps (tents) the mountaineers rest, sleep, have food, and also leave part

of their luggage. As the team went higher and higher, fewer and fewer persons were left to continue the journey. Some would give up on health grounds, some were left behind to look after the loads left in the base camps. Ultimately only Edmund Hillary and Tensing Norgay were left to reach the summit.

On this snow peak there are many deceptive crevices (cracks in the snow). Hillary was leading and he wanted to jump over the crevice. He made a brave attempt but as his feet touched the other side the snow gave way. Death was staring him in the face. But fortunately he was tied with a rope to Tensing. When Tensing saw what happened, he immediately steadied himself by burying his ice-axe deep into the ice. Also, he planted his shoes firmly into the ice. The shoes had nails on them so they held on. Edmund Hillary's life, so to say, hanged on a slender rope. Tensing then pulled him up to safety.

Finally on May 29th, early in the morning, they decided to show their supremacy over this treacherous mountain. At 11.30 a.m. these two valiant men stood on the highest point on earth, the peak of Mount Everest. One of Tensing's daughters had given him a small, red and blue pencil as a gift to Everest. Tensing lovingly buried them here. Then both the brave men started their journey back after this historic event. They were given a hero's welcome by everyone. The Government of Nepal honoured him with the "Nepal Tara", the highest decoration of the country. After all those difficult and dangerous missions at last, he became famous. The news spread all over the world giving courage and hope to millions. In future more and more attempts would be made on Mount Everest, which people had thought unconquerable.



Teenagers' Forum

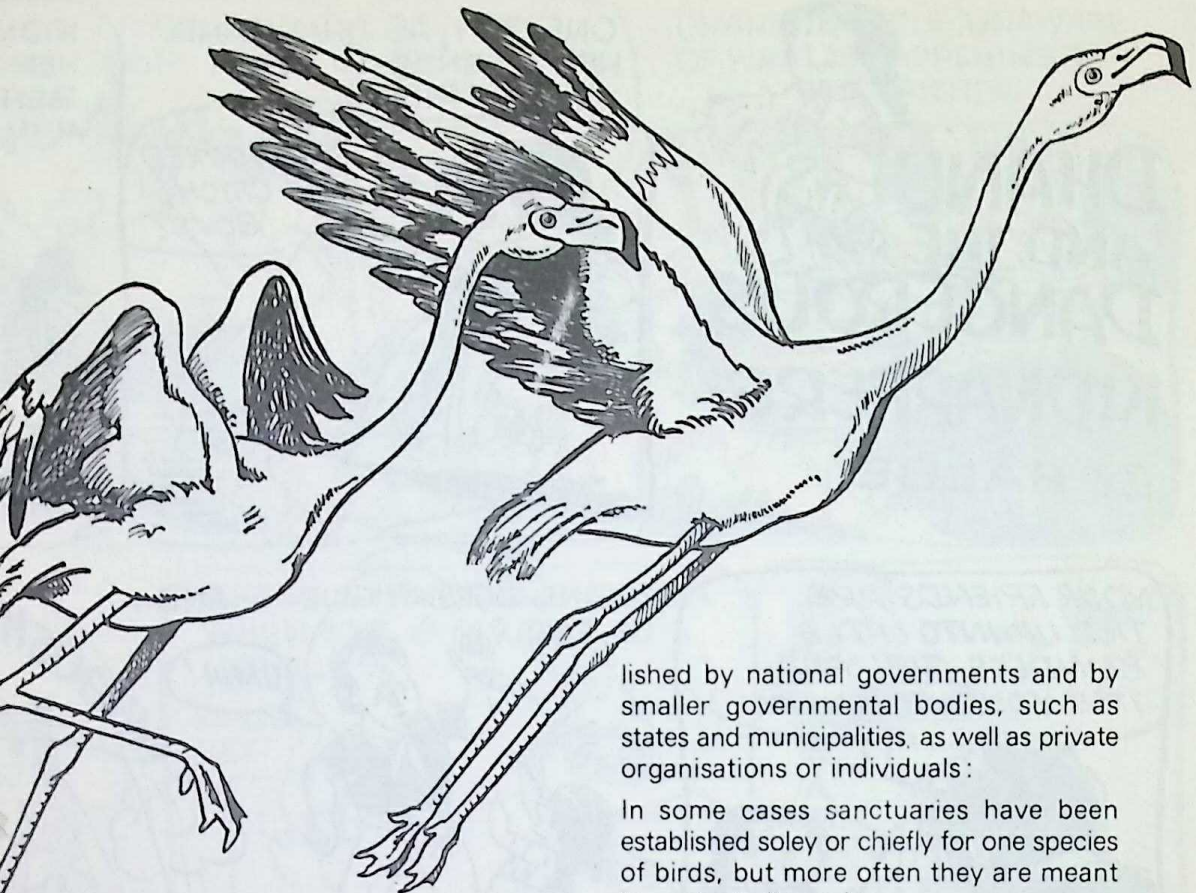
Preservation of Birds

By Mr. Ashok Chatterjee (15 years)

The preservation of birds has been rendered necessary due to their excessive destruction in various ways, including (a) Unregulated hunting of game species (b) Commercial destruction for market (c) Trade in ornamental plumage (d) Inordinate collecting of skins and eggs (e) Destruction of environment by felling trees etc. (disappearance of the Ivory-billed wood pecker in southern U.S.) (f) Introduction of exotic birds and animals which prey on or compete with native species (extinction of certain ground nesting birds in the West Indies, due to the introduction of mongoose.)

Often a combination of causes affect the status of a species. Island bird populations are the most vulnerable, a conspicuous example being the Hawain Island, which has lost a very large percentage of its original fauna.

Protection was first accorded in the interest of sport or, in the interest of the noble man's larder. Game birds became private property, and the Lardish Laws were framed for the purpose of reserving to the land owner the right of killing certain food birds, and of ensuring the safety of the falcon tribe for his sport. In



Britain there were laws of this kind in the reigns of HENRY-VII and HENRY-VIII, providing for penalties, with heavier punishment for stealing certain eggs.

Protective legislation: England almost alone among European countries has allowed aesthetic consideration to affect Legislation. The first general British Statute, that of 1969, was for the protection of sea-birds and was prompted by indignation at the winging of gulls for holiday sport.

Bird Sanctuaries: One of the most widely adopted wild life conservation practices is the establishment of sanctuaries or refuges, by which birds and other wild life are protected. Such refuges, common in enlightened countries throughout the world, have been estab-

lished by national governments and by smaller governmental bodies, such as states and municipalities, as well as private organisations or individuals:

In some cases sanctuaries have been established solely or chiefly for one species of birds, but more often they are meant to protect all species.

The term "Sanctuary" and "Refuge" usually used synonymously meaning an area where birds and usually other wild life are protected from being shot at or from any other harm.

Also we have to take the following necessary measures to protect and preserve birds:

1. Dense forests should not be cleared or cut down
2. Quiet and calm situation should be created, wherever birds come in large numbers.
3. Hunters should be prohibited from hunting.
4. The kite flier should not use hook in the thread of their kite during kite flying.



CHILDREN'S MISCELLANY

The Temple of Shiva

By P. Venkatesh

(11 yrs)

Once there lived a king who was a great devotee of Lord Shiva. In honour of the Lord, he had built a magnificent temple with a carved idol of Shiva.

Now, the king wished to do something more to show his devotion. He decided that he would fill the inner room of the temple with milk. The servants were ordered to carry out this task. But all the milk from the cows in the royal stables was not enough to fill it. The king was worried and decided to consult his ministers.

Taking their advice, he sent his messengers to every nook and corner of his kingdom to announce his will to the people. Every Monday, all his subjects were to assemble at the temple for prayers. They were to bring with them all the milk they had, as an offering to Lord Shiva. Not a drop of milk was to be left in their houses even to feed the babies and calves. Anyone who disobeyed the order would be beheaded.

The people were scared so no one dared to disobey. That Monday everybody went to the temple. No one dared to keep any milk at home. After the prayers, everybody poured their quota of milk in the room. Sentries were posted to see that everyone pours the last drop from their vessels. Yet the room remained unfilled. The king did not know what to do. He realised that the Lord had not accepted his offering.

The same afternoon, an old woman walked slowly to the temple. She had disobeyed the king's order. In her house, the babies and the calves had not been kept hungry. She had first fed them with milk. Then she put whatever remained into a small tumbler and came to the temple.



She told the Lord, "O, Lord Shiva! All the milk in the kingdom has been poured in your temple, yet it remains unfilled. This

little milk I have brought for you will not help much. Yet I offer it with love and devotion." So saying, she poured the milk and returned home. At once the room was filled!

The king was astonished and overjoyed. He asked his sentries — but they had not noticed what had happened. The next Monday, the same story was repeated. But again the sentries were unable to tell the king how the miracle took place.

On the third Monday, the king decided to keep a watch. The old woman came once again and poured her offering. The inner room of the temple was miraculously filled. The king saw this and ordered that the old woman be brought to him at once. The poor woman was terrified. The king assured her that she would not be punished if she explained how the miracle took place. The woman replied, "You were wrong to order your people to offer all the milk they had. You thereby caused great unhappiness in your kingdom, for all the babies and the calves remained hungry. God was displeased to see them suffer. I alone disobeyed your orders. I fed all the babies and calves in my house — only then did I offer milk to the Lord. And he was pleased with my offering."

The next day, the king's messengers were despatched once again to announce a new order. This time, everyone was to feed all the babies and calves — and only the surplus milk was to be brought to the temple. That Monday the people did as they were told and the room was immediately filled. There was great rejoicing and the king and his subjects were blessed by the Lord.



Nature

By Shamika Vagaskar
(11 yrs)

What is nature?
Is it a picture or a scenery?
A girl or a boy?
A person dark or fair?
Or just a day followed by night?
Roaming about in the woods
Drawing and dreaming
And collecting little pictures of nature
I think I now know what's nature
Just a picture of life
With beautiful trees and flowers
And many smiles and good-byes!

The Talkative Boy

By Fakruddin Ali Ahmed
(12 yrs)



Vijay always liked to talk. He did not like to listen. Mother said, "Vijay, wear your new blue trouser to school today, the old one is torn." Vijay was talking about the new radio programme. He did not listen to mother. While going to school he wore his old trouser. The boys in the school laughed at him.

At school, Vijay was busy talking about the game of football to be played in the evening. The teacher said, "Boys, do the sums on page 80." Vijay did not listen. He worked on page 60. The teacher said, "Vijay, you did not listen and worked on the wrong page. Now you must work on page 80 while the other boys go to play football."

During the Geography class the teacher explained how the river makes a delta. Vijay did not listen. He was talking about Arithmetic to his friend. He could not answer the question. All the boys laughed at him.

On the playground, the teacher asked the boys to stand in line for drill. He ordered them to do exercise No.3. Vijay was busy talking to Asif about the dress Rahul was wearing. He did exercise No. 6. All the other boys laughed at him.

At home, Vijay's sister warned him not to touch the brass kettle which was very hot. Vijay did not listen. He was busy changing his clothes. He lifted the kettle and burnt his fingers!

In pain, Vijay cried and went out of the house. He sat on the ground outside, saying to himself that the day was a bad one for him

"Who made your day bad?" asked the bird from the tree. "Your mother told you to wear your new blue trousers — you did not listen. The teacher asked you to do the sums on page 80 — you did not listen. In Geography class, the teacher explained to you what the delta is — you did not listen. On the playground, the teacher directed you to do exercise No. 3 — you did not listen. Your sister asked you not to touch the hot kettle — you did not listen, again!"

Vijay admitted: "It was a bad day for me because I did not listen. Now I know that there is a time to talk and a time to listen."

GAVASKAR

By Aftab Hussain Kola



That's four, shouts the crowd
Fifty, half-century, comes a voice very loud
One asks the other, "Who's that guy?"
That's Gavaskar, he says
"And that's six!" — a voice on the radio declares.
Zmmmmmm! That was a shot's sound
The ball's shape has turned oval instead of round
Fielders are all puzzled — in action
Which way to run? — is their question.
Spectators shout "New ball, new ball"
Only three minutes more, the radio calls
Spectators' joy knows no bounds
When — "four", the radio sounds
Gavaskar's fans say — "Only FIVE runs more"
But the supporters of the fielding side are, by now,
quite bored
The ball has again crossed the boundary line
A shot indeed! Very fine!!
He is ninety-nine, the radio tells
Crackers burst and the stadium's one hell
Ssee! He has taken a run
Some want to hug the little master Others want to run
"Century!" the statistician roars
"It's Gavaskar! It's Gavaskar!!"
the crowd bellows.

Jayanta - the Generous

By Sane Guruji

(Translated and adapted from the original by Anil Inamdar)

Jayanta was the only son of a rich businessman. His father owned farms, orchards and ships. He dealt with different types of commodities but was particularly famous as a cloth merchant. Rich and poor people flocked to his shop from distant places to satisfy their needs. To the rich he sold goods only against payments in full. The poor had to pawn their property, which included their houses, farms and gold ornaments. Their property would never be returned to them as they could never pay back the loan they had taken, what with his heavy interest rates!

Jayanta, who had now grown up, lead an easy life. He did not take much interest in his father's affairs. This indifferent attitude irritated his father. His father wanted him to step into his shoes as quickly as possible, learn his shrewd business ways and earn more money.

He therefore told Jayanta one day, "Jayanta, I have not built this empire in a day. I have worked very hard and saved every paisa which I could have enjoyed for myself. You don't look quite interested in doing business. I, too, would not like to give you my hard-earned property unless you prove that you are worthy of it."

Jayanta was an obedient son. He replied, "Father, I'm willing to do whatever you wish."

His father said, "I shall give you a bundle of cloth tomorrow. You will have to leave this city early in the morning and return

only when you have sold the goods profitably."

Jayanta agreed to do so. Jayanta's mother was worried. She thought this was a very cruel way of teaching trade to her only son. But his father had decided. His decision was final.

Before sunrise the next day, Jayanta set out on his journey. He travelled on foot. People who saw him leave the town, carrying a huge load on his back, felt sorry for him. But Jayanta was not disturbed the least. He proceeded, singing merrily the praises of God, enjoying his journey every bit.

By mid-day he had covered several miles. But he had not reached any village or town. He had carried neither food nor water with him and for a long stretch had to walk on a stony path. It made him weary. Every step he took was becoming painful. His soles had blisters and his feet were bleeding. He was sincerely praying to the Lord that this journey should soon get over, for walking over those stones was becoming extremely torturous.

Suddenly he heard some strange voices. "Who could it be?" Jayanta wondered. "There is not a soul around." He then saw some movement on the ground. He couldn't believe his eyes for a moment — for the stones were speaking to him!

"Jayanta, please don't curse us. We have not harmed you in any way. Your feet have blisters because you were used to

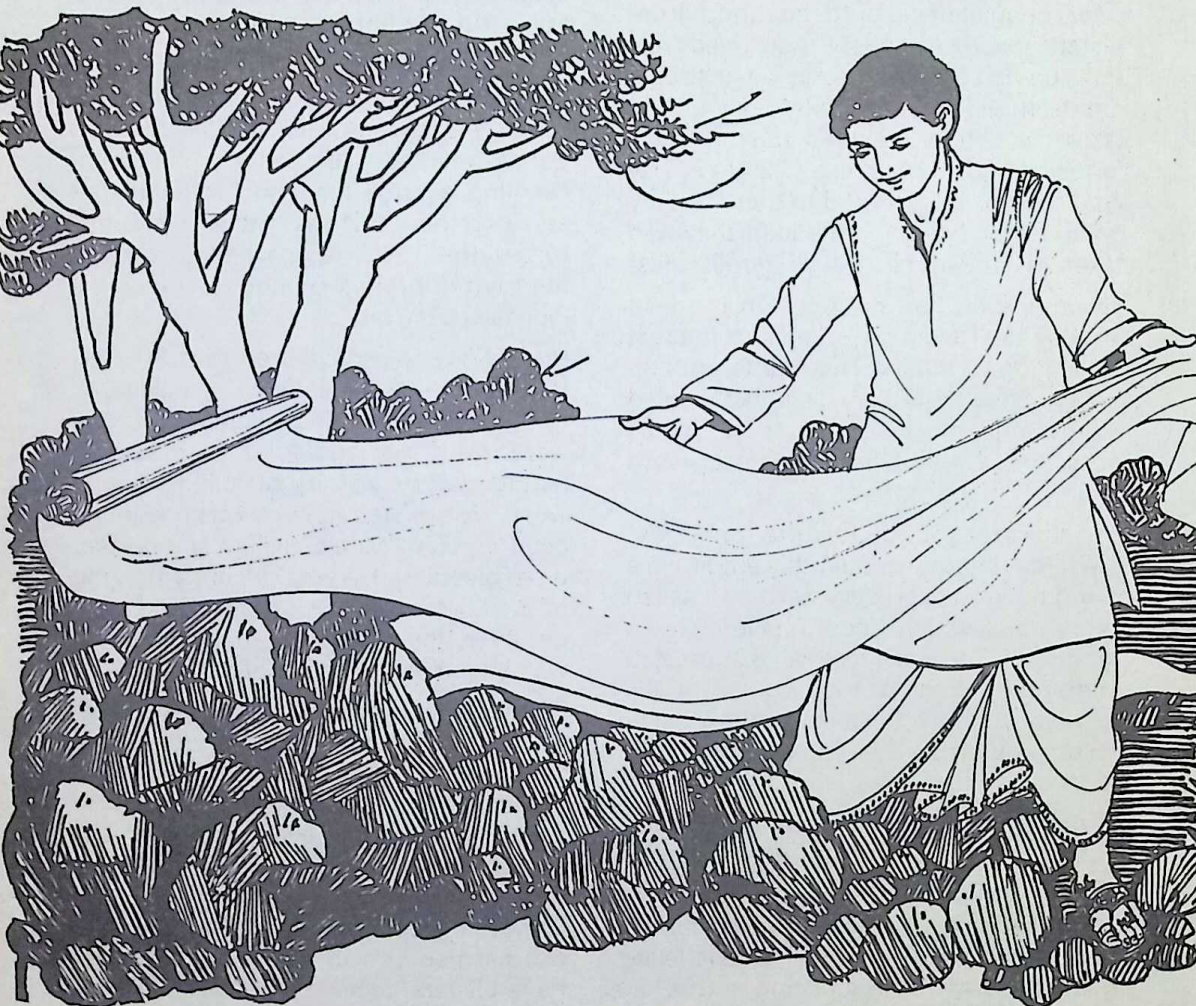
comforts and had never walked on a stony path. But see how much suffering we have to endure. We have neither covering nor shelter. We have always been praying for the good of the world. But do you know what we get in return? People stamp on us, crush us, hit us against other hard objects and subject us to all kinds of torture, Jayanta, while only your feet are aching, remember our entire body is in agony."

Jayanta had never thought of this before. He was a kind-hearted person. He forgot

his own suffering at once and wanted to share their grief and sorrow. He said, "I appreciate your plight, but what can a small person like me do to solve your problems? I have nothing to offer other than this bundle of cloth — and I am ready to part with it."

Imagining the stones to be idols of Gods, Jayanta unwrapped his bundle and spread the cloth gently over them, promising them more stocks during his next trip.

Jayanta returned home. His mother greet-



ed him with a warm embrace. She was happy he had returned home quite safe. But not his father. He saw him return empty-handed. "Where is the money," asked his father. Jayanta told his father that all the goods were sold. The money, he said, would be recovered during the next trip. His father was quite unhappy. He advised him that selling goods on credit was not a sound practice but gave him permission to make a second trip with a cart full of stocks.

Jayanta returned to the same place. He was surprised to find that there was no trace of the cloth which he had left behind during the first trip. On inquiring, the stones said, "Jayanta, as soon as you left, some farmers passed this way. Their clothes were torn and they had no money to purchase new ones. We felt pity for them, so we offered them whatever we had." The stones wept as they told about the plight of the poor farmers.

Jayanta was touched. He said, "I appreciate your noble gesture. This time I have brought a cart-full of stocks which should be enough to cover you all." Jayanta unloaded the stock and covered almost all the stones with his own hands. The stones blessed him.

On learning that Jayanta had returned empty-handed, Jayanta's father lost his patience. He drove him out at that very moment, asking him not to return home until he had recovered the entire amount.

Jayanta turned back. His father angrily said, "Why can't you travel on foot, leave the cart back!" But Jayanta replied, "I need the cart to carry a cart-full of money for you."

The journey was familiar to Jayanta. He returned to the same spot. He confessed to the stones that this time he had come empty-handed and also told them his

problem. They were sympathetic towards him.

They suggested, "Jayanta, why don't you carry a cart-full of us stones? Your father will be happy for having made a good sale."

Jayanta said, "On seeing stones — and not money — my father will drive me out of the house and hurl you all at me."

"But we have no longer remained mere stones. You showered love and affection on us which enabled us, in turn, to help the poor and needy. God was so pleased by our action that he granted us a boon — by which we could change ourselves into gold whenever we wanted to. We will be your friends in need, Jayanta. Load your cart with gold and return home without fear." Jayanta did as he was told.

Jayanta's father was sure that his son had lost all his earnings. But when he saw Jayanta return, singing merrily, he became anxious to see the contents in the cart.

"Please tell me where to unload a cart-full of treasure?" Jayanta asked his curious father. His father came running out and was almost blinded by the lustre of gold. He had never seen so much gold before and never ever, one that shone so bright!

He asked Jayanta from where he had obtained it. Jayanta told him the true story.

His father was quick to realise that God had indeed taught him a lesson. In his greed to amass wealth he had forgotten the humane aspect of life. He quickly handed over his business to his son and retired from worldly affairs.

Jayanta multiplied the wealth times over by fair means and used it largely for the good of the community.

What Inspired Me Most...

By Dr. H.B. Kathuria.

The reading of the Geeta was not easy for me, because my early education was in a language based on Arabic script. I had only a nodding acquaintance with the Devnagri letters and I could read them haltingly like a child in a kindergarden class. However, I read five slokas every day and kept reading it for months until I completed the entire seven hundred slokas. I was greatly overjoyed by this accomplishment.

From that first exploration my interest in the Geeta grew and I began reading a number of editions of the Geeta with commentaries by different authors. These included men like Lokmanya Tilak, Mahatma Gandhi, C. Rajagopalachari, Dr. Radhakrishnan, Maharaja Jayachamraj Wadiyar, the exruler of Mysore Vinoba Bhave, Sir Edwin Arnold's English translation of the Geeta in blank verse, the paperback edition of a translation of the Geeta by Swami Prabhavananda & Christopher Isherwood, with a beautiful introduction by Aldous Huxley, the penguin book translation of the Geeta by

Mahesh Yogi. In addition, the recognised standard works on the Geeta by Shankaracharya, Swami Vivekananda, Swami Chinmayananda, Sadhu Vaswani and Dnyaneshwara Maharaj.

The knowledge that Geeta had played a great and dominant part in the life of men of action — like Gandhiji — as well as thinkers and philosophers — like Dr. S. Radhakrishnan — made me study Geeta very carefully.

Gandhiji was an ardent student of the Geeta. It inspired him to lead the life of a great Karma Yogi. He treated Geeta like his mother and turned to it for guidance and solace amidst many stormy and difficult situations of his political life. This was inspiring.

Furthermore, as a medical student I had learnt through dissections and experiments the complicated structure of the human body and the manner in which it performed its various functions. The miracle of human body has been worked

out by nature through successful variation and adaptation of various animal species over 2500 million years. To this marvellous study of the human body I added the study of Psychology because I trained to become a Psychiatrist, which is a physician treating mental diseases as opposed to bodily illness.

Thus I had explored the world of the body and the second world of the mind at the university level. And yet I felt deep within that my knowledge was incomplete. When I read the Geeta I found in it the knowledge about the third world of man — the spiritual world in which man is taught to seek his identification with the "Atman". After reading anatomy, physiology and psychology, it was the study of the Geeta that led to completing the circle of knowledge about man.

My favourite sloka from the Geeta is:

Atmai 'va hy atmano bandhur
Atmai 'va ripur atmanah

which means that "an atman which subdues oneself by discipline is its best friend, while the uncontrolled atman is its own worst enemy". Since I am a physician I have been mainly concerned with diseases which affect the body or the mind. Reflecting on the causes of diseases I have found that a large number of them result from gross indiscipline of either the body or the mind. The Geeta points out the need to discipline the mind against desire, greed and anger which, if achieved, can eliminate a majority of psychological flaws in man's personality.

It is said that there are no more any strong heroic personalities left in the world who can serve as great examples for youth to follow in their foot steps. To the student of the Geeta this problem of identifying with an ideal has been solved by Krishna for all times to come. Krishna tells Arjuna:

"Be like me" and proceeds to describe Himself as the highest and most perfect example of existing things: "I am Kapila among the munis, Meru among the mountains, Vasu among snakes, Kamadhuk among cows" and so on.

From kindergarden stage I have now progressed to a higher class. Every evening I read fifteen slokas from the Geeta and ponder over their meaning for a short while, ending with the final sentence: "Santi, Santi, Santi" which is a prayer for the well being of the body, mind and atman.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author Dr. H.B. Kathuria is a doctor of medicine who also had post-graduate training in Psychiatry. He had his early schooling at Quetta, now in Pakistan. After qualifying, Dr. Kathuria worked in seven year cycles as medical officer in the army, a professor of medicine and in a pharmaceutical company.

Dr. Kathuria who is 54 years old, says about himself: "Early in my life I was impressed by the Greek civilization whose ideal was a love for learning. Now I've discovered the goal in Indian civilization which is a burning desire to attain the highest. How wrong had Kipling been when he said that the East and West shall never meet!"

Give One Word For

1. A Present
2. A story
3. Place where people are fined
4. Two weeks
5. Take little bites
6. Make bigger
7. End of a bus route

(Contributed by C.V. Mahesh).

ANSWERS:
(1) Gift (2) Fable (3) Court (4) Fortnight
(5) Nibble (6) Magnify (7) Terminus.

مُحَرَّرُوم

By Shamsuddin

In every religion there are some festivals which are celebrated to commemorate certain important incidents. Each one of them bears some significance. Just as Hindus celebrate Dassera indicating victory of Ram over Ravan, Christians celebrate Christmas showing victory of truth over falsehood; similarly Muslims celebrate Moharrum to commemorate the great martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Hussain for a righteous cause. It was in fact a victory of democracy over the autocracy of Yazid, the great imperialist.

Prophet Mohammed gave birth to a great religion — Islam, the foundations of which were based on democratic principles. After about half a century of the death of

Prophet Mohammed, its democratic principles were threatened by its own followers. At that time Yazid was the ruler of the vast Muslim empire. With his capital at Damascus (now Syria) he had developed great military strength and was a terror in the whole empire. His administration was based on force rather than the will of the people.

According to the democratic traditions of Islam, the Caliph (religious head) was chosen by the people. Yazid, by dint of his over-powering strength declared himself the Caliph. The people in general did not recognize him as their religious leader but had no courage to raise a voice against him. Great dissatisfaction prevailed throughout the empire.

Finding that the democratic principles of Islam based on popular will, were being challenged by the power-mad Yazid, Imam Hussain, grand son of Prophet

Mohammed revolted against him. He refused to recognize him as the Caliph of Islam.

Hazrat Imam Hussain was well known for his character and nobility of mind and heart. He was a man of principles and was very popular among the Muslims. They held him in high regard and accepted him as their religious leader.

Yazid realizing the seriousness of the situation tried to reconcile with him. Having failed in this, he threatened to take recourse to force. But nothing could daunt Hazrat Imam Hussain from his rightful stand. He was determined to fight for the cause of public right and to save the democratic principles of Islam. At the crucial time Imam Hussain received a message from the people of Kufa — a prosperous city in Iraq, that they fully supported the cause for which Imam Hussain stood and were prepared to help him in his stand against Yazid. In response to it Imam Hussain, along with his followers and relatives including women and children left for Kufa.

The caravan consisting of less than hundred persons started on its march. On the way they had to face the fury of the Governor of Iraq who was faithful to his master Yazid. He sent a huge army to check the caravan from proceeding ahead. Imam Hussain and his followers were surrounded by the enemy force. Hazrat Imam Hussain was asked to recognize his Caliphate. Imam Hussain remained firm in his stand. Having failed in his efforts, the Governor of Iraq subjected Imam Hussain and his party to inhuman tortures. The caravan lay stranded in the scorching heat of the sandy desert of Iraq. The supply of food and water was cut off and the children of the caravan died of hunger and thirst. Whosoever

tried to break through the cordon to reach the water was brutally murdered

In spite of all these sufferings, the battle continued in the plains of Karbala. All the kith and kins of Imam Hussain were killed one by one before the eyes of Hazrat Imam Hussain. On the tenth day Imam Hussain obtained martyrdom fighting against the enemy.

The Muslims celebrate Moharrum with great solemnity and sobriety to commemorate the great martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Hussain for the cause of Islamic democracy. It is the festival of mourning characterized by refraining from festivities and enjoyments. It starts on the first day of the lunar month of Moharrum and the important events continue for ten days. Muslims, the followers of Imam Hussain, assemble daily in 'majlis', or gatherings, where the priest relates to the mourners the tragic events of Karbala resulting in the great martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Hussain and the suffering of his family members and the followers.

On the tenth day the 'tazias' are taken out in procession. They represent the holy tomb of Hazrat Imam Hussain. Also 'zarih' 'tabut', 'Alam' etc. accompany them which are the symbols of the coffin. The mourners leading the procession cry "Hussain! Hussain!", beat their breasts and subject their bodies to such pains as the followers of Hazrat — Imam Hussain might have experienced on the fields of Karbala. All this presents a touching sight reminding one of the ghastly tragedies.

The procession also includes a horse covered with white sheet of cloth with red spots on it. This is in memory of the faithful steed of Hazrat Imam Hussain who carried him to the battle-field. This

horse was known as 'Duldul'. It is said that after the martyrdom of Imam Hussain, this horse dipped his forehead in the holy blood and rushed to inform the members of Imam's family about the tragedy.

On this day the Muslims also distribute 'sharbat' (water mixed with sugar) and 'khichdi' (rice meal) to the people. This is again in memory of those martyrs of Karbala. The wailing and mourning procession in the end terminates at a place

which is given the name of 'Karbala' — a symbolic representation of the plains of Karbala in Iraq.

Thus whatever the forms of observance of Moharrum, its real significance lies in the brave stand taken by Imam Hussain for a just cause against a despotic imperialist — Yazid. He fought to the end and ultimately gave his life. Though he lost the battle physically, ultimately the victory was his, as it made the people realize the inherent strength of Islam.



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COUPON

THOUSAND-WIT, HUNDRED-WIT and SINGLE-WIT

The Panchatantra fable retold
By Lalogue Postvala



Long long ago a noble sage, Vishnu Sharma, imparted knowledge and wisdom to three very naughty princes through story-telling. The witty fables were arranged by the holy man in five parts, together called "The Panchatantra". It is not surprising that even today the Panchatantra's nitikathas (stories with a purpose) are popular with young and old people; for in an entertaining manner they enable us to know the ways of the world and distinguish between good and evil.

In one of the stories Vishnu Sharma illustrates that intelligence without commonsense is worthless. The story begins by a shady pond in a wood. In that pond lived two fishes, whose names were Hundred-Wit and Thousand-Wit. A frog named Single-Wit, who also lived in the same pond, made friends with the fish. The three greatly enjoyed each others company and met daily at the water's edge. They talked on varied subjects. Their conversation was full of wit and humour.

Hundred-Wit and Thousand-Wit often competed with each other to show off their knowledge, and Single-Wit croaking his assent to both of them. Thus they spent many delightful hours in the evening.

One day at sunset as the three friends were engrossed in their discourse, two fishermen passed by the pool. Attracted by the shady cool nook, they decided to rest for a while. Glancing into the cool waters, the fishermen shouted together, "What luck! The pond appears to contain a lot of fish. The water too is shallow. Let's come back at dawn with our nets." With that they hurried home.

The three friends were very upset on hearing this dreadful intention of the fishermen. The frightened frog croaked, "My clever friends, owners of hundred brains and thousand brains, what should we do? Shall we stay on or flee with our families to another place?"

Thinking for a while, Hundred-Wit replied sedately, "Single-Wit, many a time have I heard these two legged creatures exclaim various intentions, but I've still to see them act promptly".

"Yes, you're right," agreed Thousand-Wit. "Men do indulge in a lot of empty talk. Don't worry my good friend, I'll save you and your family by my intelligence. Hundred-Wit and I know plenty of tricks in the water. We'll take care of you all."

Hundred-Wit added, "Thousand-Wit is very wise. Anyway we cannot leave our ancestral home so easily. Be at peace. No harm will come to you as long as we are with you."

Single-Wit was not convinced. Shaking his head, he said, "I do not doubt your intelligence. My single-wit is nothing before your thousand-wit, yet something

tells me to go away. I think my wife and I will go to some other place this very night."

Accordingly, the frog and his wife left the pool under cover of night. A short distance away they found a cistern of water in which they managed to squeeze themselves.

The next day at dawn the fishermen, like messengers of death, arrived with their nets. They enclosed the whole pond with their nets. All the fishes, frogs, crabs, turtles, even water snakes were caught in the nets. Amongst them were Hundred-Wit and Thousand-Wit with their families.

Hundred-Wit and Thousand-Wit tried very hard to get out of the nets. They jumped this way and that way; tried one fancy turn after another; alas, their struggles were in vain. Finally, exhausted they flopped down in the nets and were killed along with the other water creatures.

At noon the fishermen, satisfied with their catch, set out on their homeward journey. Since Hundred-Wit and Thousand-Wit were too large for the basket, one fisherman carried Hundred-Wit on his head and the other tied Thousand-Wit to a cord and slung him on his shoulder.

As the fishermen passed by the pipe in which the frogs were hiding, Single-Wit cried sadly to his Wife, "Look, Oh look, my friends are dead. Their clever tricks could not save them. It's sad but true — intelligence without commonsense is a poor possession."

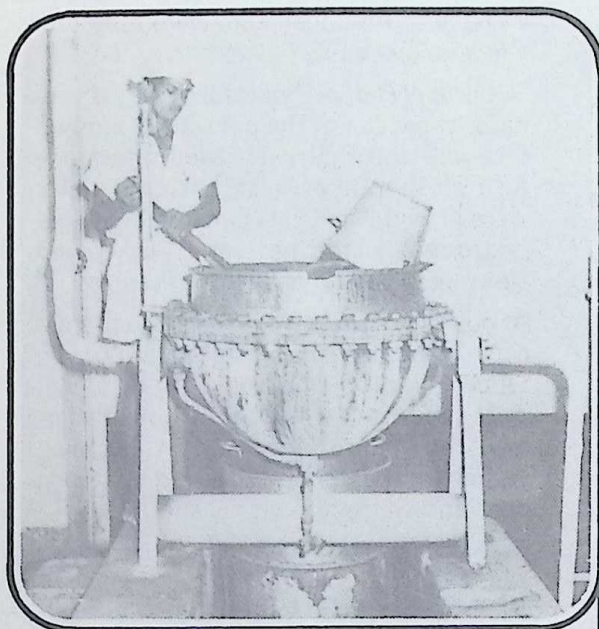
Teacher : "In the day we breathe Oxygen.
What do we breathe at night
Arun?"

Arun : "Nitrogen."

(Contributed by Dhanesh Metrani).

HOW TOFFEES ARE MADE...

Text and Photographs
By N. Ramakrishna



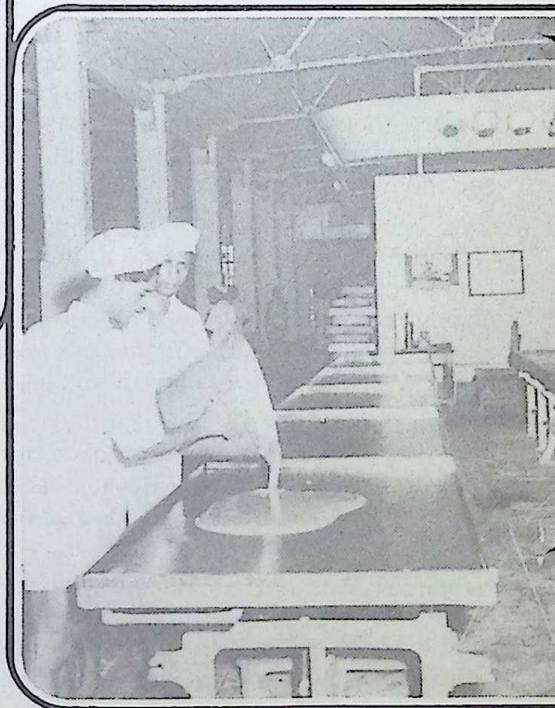
Huge containers electrically operated are used to boil ingredients

Cocoa, sugar, virilose with a high percentage of glucose, butter, vanaspathi, milk powder etc are mixed in definite proportions and heated into a liquid over an electrically operated oven. After some time the mixture gets solidified and converts itself into a wax like substance.

Then the mixture is taken to a cooling table which has two layers. Cool water is circulated beneath this. For about 15 minutes the mixture is prepared and it becomes pliable.

Then the mass is converted into circular and cylindrical shapes, and to prevent

The table over which colour, flavour, and sweetners are added





Machine that cuts and makes the chocolates and sweets perfect to size

its getting sticky, thin wheat powder is dusted over it.

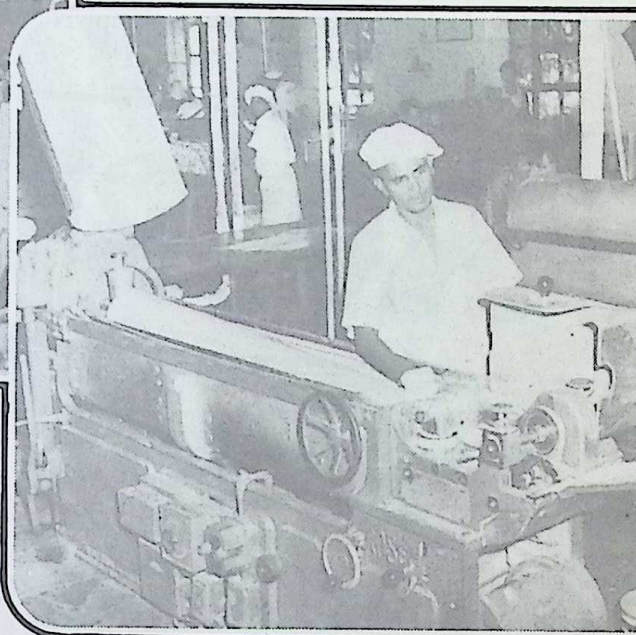
Then the substance is taken to the cutting machine. This machine consists of two parts. When one machine cuts the bits, the other machine wraps them. The cutting and wrapping are done automatically and in a minute 100 chocolate bits are thrown out. They are collected, weighed and packed in tins.

Making sweets or peppermints is not as easy as this. The mixture is heated over an electrical furnace at a temperature of 300 degrees F. Then the whole mass is

poured on to a table and cooled later. Colour, flavour and sweetners are added. The mass is cut into pieces and the sweets are collected on one side, the dust being filtered on the other.

Nothing is touched with bare hands. Gloves are provided for all workers. The whole of the interior is kept cool by circulating cool air by means of huge

Wrapping Machine



tubes. The sweets are weighed and packed in tins.

In a working day 7 hours are spent on production and one hour is provided for washing and cleaning the machinery.

On an average about 20 tons of sweets are manufactured. They are packed in attractive tins with pleasing designs on them.

Dear Vijay,

I was sorry to learn that you have stopped playing cricket because of self-consciousness and nervousness. (Excuse these big words, I am sure you understand them.) Do you know, Vijay, that almost all cricketers must have gone through the phase you are going through now — even Sunil Gavaskar, Vijay Merchant and Don Bradman. So you need not worry about it much. What you can do is **practise** a great deal though not in front of a crowd — at least not a big crowd. Practice will improve your game on the whole. If possible you can learn good techniques of cricket from a coach or a good player.

Dear S, you cannot force people to concentrate. It should come from within. As your brother grows older he will become interested in studies and will learn to concentrate. All you must do is to inculcate (develop) good habits in him. Some important good habits are: studying daily, eating good food, playing adequately, reading good books, respecting elders. This will go a long way in making him a good person.

Is he failing in any subjects? Getting red lines or moons (zeroes)? Then he needs a little bit of attention. How about tuitions for him in these subjects. If he spends

PROBLEMS?

There are plenty of books available too from which you can improve your cricket. All this will make you self-confident. You will then be taking even difficult catches, scoring well, bowling well, etc. Once you learn to concentrate on the game you will easily forget the crowd.

Yours affectionately
Kamath Uncle

Dear S,

You should be happy about your brother. He is active, intelligent, talkative and always plays. These are all very normal things to do for a boy in the 4th standard. Living in modern times, I would even excuse him for not performing the "Sandhya".

more time in studying these subjects, he will stop getting those red lines. Please note this is very important.

However, let me assure you, your brother will develop into a sound person. After all, he comes from a good family like yours. How can there be a glass bead in a mine of diamonds? (Sanskrit saying).

Yours affectionately,
Kamath Uncle

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN NOVEMBER

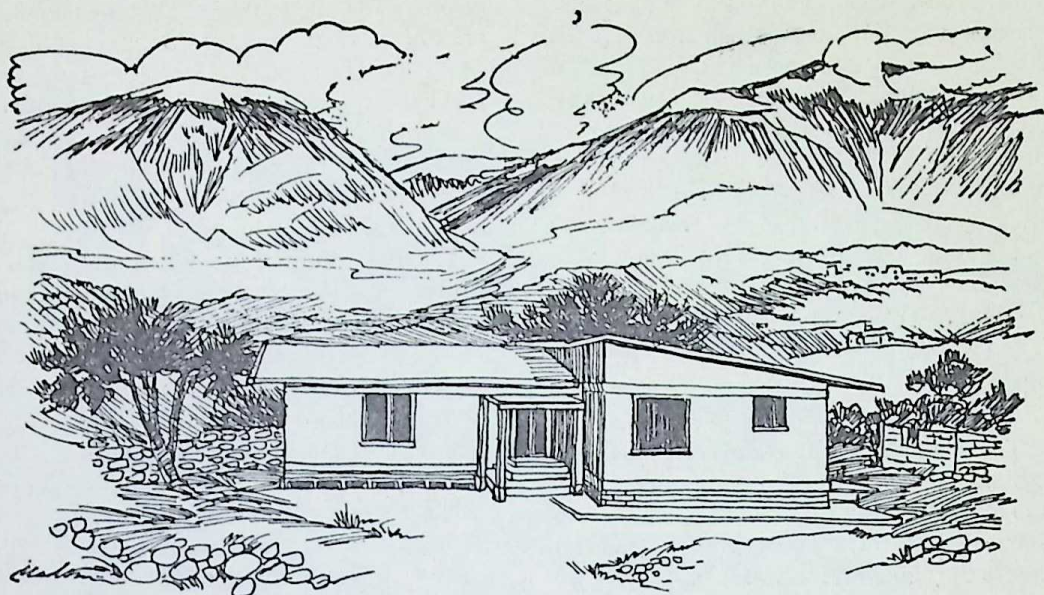
November 1st: 25th year anniversary of the state re-organisation in India.

November 7th: Second year anniversary of Sandeepany (West) at California.

November 11th: Gurunanak Jayanthi.

November 14th: Children's Day.

SANDEEPANY HIMALAYAS



Himachal, the very name inspires visions of the hoary past when great rishis and sages strode across this great land of ours. Parvati the daughter of Himachal, is the presiding deity of most of the temples in this area.

Pujya Gurudev was so much impressed by the outstanding beauty of the Kangra Valley that he considered this ideal for an institution for reviving our ancient heritage and culture.

He decided to create Sandeepany (Him) at Sidhabari which is located in the lap of the great Himalayas, on the spur of the Dhauladhar range, 6 km. due east of the town of Dharmasala, the seat of the Dalai Lama, in the exquisitely beautiful Kangra Valley. The name of Sidhabari which means "the home of the Saints"—is pregnant with suggestions of deep spiritual significance.

The snowcapped peaks of Dhauladhar stand at a height of over 4,500 metres atop strenuous, awe-inspiring masses of stone and slate, their sides furrowed by torrential waters. Low-lying green hills, clothed with forests of stately pine, bedeck the surrounding landscape. A valley of terraced paddy fields lies below, sprinkled with clusters of dwellings and homesteads. Thus from the Sandeepany now under construction, an arresting spectacle presents itself; the sprawling landscape below, stretching toward the horizon, looks like a restless sea suddenly brought to rest and fixed in stone.

Amid repose and majesty of the Kangra Valley is coming up the Sandeepany (Him), the exact location of the site is near the village of Rasain, at a distance of about 1 km. from Sidhabari. A road from Sidhabari to

The measure of our freedom is the measure of your ability to give love.

Lekha, Seema and Chitra
(Chinmaya Devotees, Cannanore)

Mesharar passes by the site. The town of Dharmasala and the Cantonment of Yol are at short distance of 6 km. and 2 km. respectively. Sidhabari is connected by the 90 km. long metales-road to Pathankot (Punjab), which is linked by the broad-gauge line of Northern Railways. The towns of Palampur and Gaggal are nearly at 25 km. and 15 km. respectively. The Kangra Valley Railway link passes through Kangra and Nagarota which are about 12 km. from Sidhabari. The altitude of the site is about 1100 km. above mean-sea-level. The climate is moderate except in winter when it is quite cold, and the air cool and refreshing.

The Chinmaya Tapovan Trust (CTT) is building up the institutions as a retreat for the elder members and more sincere seekers. For them to stay huts would be available, where they could have a simple, devoted life of retreat and spiritual pursuit. Our Mission workers must try at least once in every two years to reach this Tapovan centre to spend time in "temporary sannyas," Visitors are to spend their days in austerity and Sadhana. Our brahmacharies can reach there, as earlier programmed, for 2-3 weeks for rest and meditation.

Last year on Guru Poornima day, was laid the foundation of the low level reservoir. However, the work could be started only in September 1979. Now all the buildings are in various advanced stages of completion and as expected the first phase was completed in March 1981.

The main building, the Satsang Hall with dormitories for the Students occupies a central place. The panorama unfold from Gurudev's Kutia extends from Dharmasala on the left to Yol on the right with the towering Dhauladhar peaks in the centre. Suitable orientation of the huts, gives every-

one a good view of the hills, forests and the fields rising from the perennial streams down below. The other buildings in the first phase are the kitchen, and the dining hall, office, 14 double room huts and 8 single room huts and the dispensary for the inhabitants of the surrounding villages. The huts are being built for the Trust against donations received from individuals.

The education would be in Hindi. About fiftyfive students would be selected for this training which would extend over two and half years. Out of these about twenty would be from Himachal, Jammu and Kashmir and Garhwal. This would fulfill Gurudev's desire to do something for these living in the Himalayas where he himself gained knowledge.

The students would be provided free food, clothing, accomodation, books and tuition. Depending upon the response, there may be two classes-one with Ramayana from the Vedanta angle as the basic book and the other with Bhagwad Geeta and the Upnis-hads.

Gurudev proposes to spend most of his time here and this would greatly enhance the charm and attraction of this "Valley Beautiful." □

Find out The Vedas?

G	I	
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	M	A
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J	Y	R		A
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A		H	A	R		A
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(Answer on Page 25)

THE LIE

By : Chitra Rao

"Sheela, have you finished your homework?" asked Mrs. Sen, seeing her daughter running out to play.

"Yes, Mummy" replied Sheela.

The next day in school, just before Mrs. Fernandes came into school, Sheela remembered that she had not done her home work.

As soon as Mrs. Fernandes came in, she noticed Sheela with her head down on the desk, her hand clutching her stomach. "What is wrong, Sheela?" She asked, walking up to her.

"Miss, I have got a terrible stomach-ache" replied Sheela.

"Since when have you got this pain?" she asked.

"Since yesterday evening," replied Sheela, "O.K. go to the sick room and get matron to give you some medicine," she said.

After school, Mrs. Fernandes was walking home with her colleague, Mrs. Rao when she noticed Sheela getting into the school bus.

"You know Mrs. Sen, don't you?" asked Mrs. Fernandes.

"Yes, I do, but why did you ask?" replied Mrs. Rao.

"Sheela complained of a stomachache this afternoon and said that she has had it since yesterday. Please ask Mrs. Sen not to send her to school. If she is sick one day missed doesn't matter," explained Mrs. Fernandes.

"I'll tell her." promised Mrs. Rao.

Mrs. Rao decided to drop in on the ways home. When she went there, she found Mrs. Sen plaiting Sheela's hair,

"How's your stomach-ache now, Sheela?" asked Mrs. Rao.

"Much better Miss," replied Sheela.



"Stomach-ache" asked Mrs. Sen "Sheela, when did you have a stomach-ache?"

"Since yesterday evening," said Mrs. Rao before Sheela could reply.

"Yesterday evening! But she never told me anything. In fact, she had gone out to play," said Mrs. Sen "Did you really have a stomach-ache Sheela?" she asked sternly.

"I.....Mummy, I hand't finished my homework yesterday. I was scared Mrs. Fernandes would shout at me, so I pretended I had a stomach-ache." said Sheela.

"So that's it. One lie led to so many others," said Mrs. Rao.

"Tomorrow, you will go and apologize to Mrs. Fernandes and tell her the truth," said Mrs. Sen.

"Yes Mummy", said Sheela, sorry for having told a lie. ☐

PICTURE QUIZ (GAMES)

Answers of your games material Quiz starting from the first word of the picture :—

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| (1) BAT | — BAT |
| (2) FISH | — FOOTBALL |
| (3) HORSE | — HOCKEY |
| (4) VULTURE | — VOLLYBALL |
| (5) TIGER | — TBNNIS |

PROBLEMS ?

Do you have a problem? If you do, please write and tell us. We shall try and solve it. Remember, two heads are better than one. So don't worry. Write a letter and pass your worries on to us. You need not be afraid about your name being published. If you don't want your name to appear in 'Bal Vihar', please write and tell us and we shall not disclose it.

Don't forget to mention your age and the class which you are in. This will help Kamath Uncle to give the correct solution to your problem.

(Solution to Sunil R. Punjabi, Bombay and Venugopal, Korba)

Dear Sunil and Venugopal,

Both of you—like many other students all over India—are not sufficiently interested in studies. When I was of your age I had the same problem. No amount of guidance, "lectures", scoldings got me interested in studies. Cricket, stamps, novels, clubs were the only interests I had. The exams also held no fear for me. Grudgingly, I would sit and study for my parent's sake. Then one teacher told me, "Friend, don't study for your parent's sake. Study for your own sake. Study with love and devotion." That day onwards I studied (not just read some books) religiously. So the most important thing about studying is **STUDY FOR YOUR OWN SAKE**. Firstly, you will gain immense knowledge which will be useful in college and later life. Secondly, you will be respected by friends, relatives and everyone. Thirdly, by studying well you will earn a lot of scholarships, prizes, rewards for your good performance.

How do you begin creating interest in studies? You may feel bored or lack of concentration because *a*) you find the subject difficult *b*) you are not habituated to studying.

If you find the subject difficult, please do not give up. Read the textbook (however difficult) again and again. Try to understand the difficult portions with the help of dictionary, teacher, friends or someone in your house. What happened when you learned cycling? You found it difficult, you fell down once or twice. Did you give up? No! When you stick to your task you always achieve success. So it is with your school books.

A very interesting and useful way to stick to your studies is the time-table habit. In the school there is a time-table. Why not have one at home? Keep aside 2-3 hours everyday for studying. At about half hour intervals take a break of just five minutes. Study **DAILY** according to your time-table. Spend more time with difficult subjects or your weak subjects. Study all your subjects regularly. A very important method of studying is revision. You must revise frequently.

To sum up, *(a)* study for your own sake *(b)* study regularly with a time-table *(c)* it is highly profitable to succeed in school *(d)* you gain respect of everyone *(e)* revise frequently *(f)* Never give up....

(30th June, 1981)

*Yours Affectionately,
Kamath Uncle.*

